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MUSICAL REVIEW

KUNKEL'S

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. IX. DECEMBER, 1886. No. 12.

ROSSINI ON OVERTURES.

ROSSINI wrote: "There are three ways of composing an overture: First method—Never compose your overture until the evening immediately preceding the first representation. Nothing inspires the imagination so much as necessity. My own best productions have been written while a copyist has been waiting at my elbow to take the piece away, bar by bar, and while the manager has stood beside me stamping and groaning with rage, in despair of ever beholding in time the desired overture. In my early days, managers always went bald at thirty! . . . . The overture to *Gazza Ladra* was composed on the very day of its first representation. The manager relegated me to a small room at the top of the theatre Della Scala, in Milan, under the guard of four scene-shifters, whose function it was to deliver my work in small installments, as I produced it, to a number of copyists. These, after transcribing the score with all possible haste, passed their copies on to the conductor, who immediately had it rehearsed by the orchestra. The barbarous scene-shifters were, moreover, instructed to throw me out of the window were no score forthcoming. Under such a method as this, inspiration should come with surprising rapidity. . . . . Second method—The overture to *William Tell* was composed in a house overlooking the Boulevard Montmartre, Paris. Both night and day the boulevard was the resort of all the vilest scum of the city. The noise they made was simply deafening. Nevertheless, I worked with desperation, and it was remarkable how seldom a sound seemed to reach me, other than the exquisite melodies I was trying to give form to. Concentration of mind is the secret of success of this method. My last plan is, not to make an overture at all. Meyerbeer did this both in *The Huguenots* and *Robert the Devil*.

THE ORCHESTRA DRUMMER.

THERE is a characteristic story of Sothern, the comedian, which runs as follows: Upon the occasion of a benefit performance for some unfortunate brother actor one night in New York, Sothern walked up to the box-office window and laying down his check for $500, said:

"Give me the worst seat in the house, the one by the big drum, where no one ever sits." And he got it. If Sothern really sat in that particular seat he certainly probably learned then and there that the hardest-worked man in a theatre is the drummer of the orchestra.

To one who has never sat in close proximity to the man of drums and cymbals, the amount of physical and mental labor which he performs and the number of instruments upon which he plays would hardly be believed. In a first-class theatrical orchestra, which essays to perform all kinds of music, from heavy operatic overtures to the latest "catchy" popular airs, this man must be the master of the following musical instruments and "effects:"

Two kettle drums,	One cuckoo,
One snare drum,	One bird whistle,
One bass drum,	One rooster crow,
Two sets of cymbals,	One set of castanets,
One triangle,	One string of sleighbells,
One tambourine,	One set of clogs,
One xylophone,	One pop-gun,
One set of chimes,	Two pieces sandpaper,
One anvil,	One locomotive tool.
One set of bones,	

But this all-round musician must not only play the foregoing instruments, one at a time; he must combine them in twos and threes, and occasionally in fours and fives. To do this he sometimes is obliged to use both hands, feet and mouth. Again, he must be careful always to stop the vibrations of his drums and triangle after striking them. Between times he has to keep perpetually tuning the kettle-drums—they are constantly getting out of tune—and when he has nothing else to do he studies the score in front of him to find out what instrument or combination of them he must bring into active play further on. The more "effects" in the selection the better this indefatigable man is pleased. No piece of music ever calls for all the twenty-two pieces in his collection at one and the same time. If it did, however, he would cheerfully undertake to play them. The foregoing is only part of the drummer's work. Whenever there is a martial play, such as *The Gladiator*, *Macbeth* or *Richard III.*, the drummer must seize his snare drum as soon as the curtain rises, dive into the back doorway leading under the stage, clamber up the winding stairs to the wings, and prepare to represent the entire drum corps of two or more contending armies.

He must give a flourish and roll whenever the heavy martial villains go upon the stage; he must simulate with crashes and bursts of wild discord the clash of contending hosts, and he must quickly muffle his drum and play a doleful dirge when the hero does his final great die act. After this, the hard-pushed drummer winds up his evening by rushing madly back to his place in the orchestra and playing with great energy a lively march while the audience is leaving the theatre. He is paid precisely the same salary as is the first violin, the cornet, or any of the other members of the orchestra, and he does about seven times as much work as they do. He is quite often a thoroughly educated musician, outside of his drumming accomplishments, and upon occasion could take the place of one of the others in the orchestra with credit. Added to all this, the drum man for some reason is generally the best dramatic critic around the theatre, and can tell with rare foresight whether a play or an actor will be a success or a failure. He is rich in reminiscences of famous bygone actors, and he retails them with great gusto whenever he can find an attentive listener.

POLYPHONIC WRITING.

THE greatest, profoundest, and most beautiful style of four-part writing is that in which each voice is independently developed, the chord combinations being merely the result of the harmonious blending of the different parts. This indeed is the style of composition of the masters, as evidenced by their polyphonic style of writing. *Part-thinking* is the attribute of the master, *chord-thinking* that of the learner. We must nevertheless take into account the fact that the science of Harmony in the sense of "Physical Beauty of Sound" is essentially a modern achievement, and that, so long as it does not obscure or crowd out of existence the polyphonic style, its influence is highly conducive to the progress and expansion of musical art.

Bach and Händel are the representative writers of a perfect polyphonic style (Canon and Fugue), springing (in ways that need not to be explained here) from a deep feeling of religious devotion. Haydn, imbued with the same spirit, but tempered by a child-like love of nature, is the link between Bach and Handel, and Mozart and Beethoven, who again may be considered the originators of a style in which human feeling and passion struggle for supremacy. They naturally associated with their artistic forms and classic style a grander expansion of Harmony and external or physical beauty of sound. Mendelssohn and Schumann followed in their footsteps—Mendelssohn, reviving religious fervor, expressed in the more captivating accents of modern Melody and Harmony. Liszt and Wagner have sought to cultivate to the utmost boldness of Harmony, beauty of sound and development of material force. Lately, Kiel, Brahms, Rubinstein, and others have sought to combine with these external and dazzling qualities the depth and manyfold voicing of the old masters. This, therefore, is clearly the music of the immediate *future*, and it is gratifying to notice strong currents of this tendency everywhere in the great world of music—of Europe and to some extent of America. It may be added that the general musical public is not yet sufficiently cultivated to accept this style in opera, and that it is at present confined to the oratorio, cantata, symphony, and smaller instrumental and vocal works, which are recognised and supported by the most refined among the musical people.—ROBERT GOLDBECK.

OUR YOUNG AND ASPIRING ARTISTES.

IN your issue of November 20, 1886, writes Mrs. Eugénie de Lussan to Freund's *Music and Drama*, I read that the London *Musical World* is lamenting the scarcity of good singers, and thinks that for ever the list of great artists is closed.

I do not often write, but if you have space in your columns please insert the following paragraph, which may serve to encourage our young aspirants in trying to attain the goal of their ambitions.

Without passing in review any of the artists of other centuries, I will illustrate my ideas by beginning with our 19th century. When *Angiolina Catalani* burst like a meteor at the court of Napoleon the First, her success in France, in Russia, in fact, in all Europe, was something so extraordinary, that it was unanimously declared that, never again would such singing be heard—she passed away, and without recording a numerous pleiad of remarkable artists, I will point out some of the greatest of her followers.

When *Jenny Lind* came to the new world, she met with a reception never to be forgotten, and people again said: "Never will there be another"—she went past, and now is only a lovely reminiscence. Then *Malibran* and *Pasta* did set Europe on fire with their great lyric and dramatic delineations. When people though that art had spoken its last word, then came the great *Grisi*, the wonderful *Alboni*, surpassing anything heard before, in the completeness of their art, and now we find that the trio, *Patti*, *Nilsson*, *Albani* (surrounded by a great number of fine singers and artists) are the three particular stars of the lyric firmament. Well, I certainly acknowledge that, but as it is an imperative law of nature that everything must perish and be renewed, so it will happen, most certainly, that, when these artists shall have disappeared, others will replace them. They may not have the same qualities, but they will probably be as good in their way. I will add that, Catalani, Malibran, Lind, Grisi and Patti, though all very prominent, had nothing in common—the qualifications of the one have not been the gift of the other, and yet, they have succeeded equally well.

Let our Grisis and Pattis in embryo, not despair, the field is vast, and if they follow the proper course of study, among their number we may yet applaud some great artists, when the sun of the present great singers will have sunk irrevocably below the horizon.

["Grisis and Pattis *in embryo*" (?) and already in a state of despair as to their uncertain future would be a sight for gods and men. Leaving aside this absurd (though common) expression, Mme. de Lussan's letter is full of good sense.]

Kunkel's Musical Review

KUNKEL BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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I. D. FOULON, A.M., LL.B., - - EDITOR.

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WE see it advertised quite frequently that this or that artist has played or sung "before most of the crowned heads of Europe." Well, what of it? What do the majority of the "crowned heads of Europe" know about music, anyhow? Tom Thumb and other "freaks" also appeared before "the crowned heads of Europe." Did that make them artists? Evidently, the parties who are working the "crowned head" racket think we are a nation of snobs, and the fact that we stand their nonsense and go to hear, or rather to see, their "attractions," would tend to show that in "taking our measure" they have not missed it very far.

WE have not followed the example of some of our contemporaries in issuing "a special holiday number," because all our numbers are *special*, in the sense that we make each issue as good as we can, regardless of dates or seasons. We do not rely upon spasmodic activity for the success of our paper. We aim to fill each number with the best reading matter and music possible, and we are both vain enough to think that we publish the best musical monthly in America and frank enough to say so. The rapid increase of our subscription list seems to indicate that many others share our views upon this subject.

SOME *virtuosi* are not artists in the best sense of the term; that is to say, while they excite admiration for their technical skill, they fail to awaken a single responsive thrill in the hearts of their hearers. Such persons are usually believed to lack in feeling. Such is often the fact, but we doubt not that in many cases the lack of feeling is due to the lack of understanding of the composition attempted. How shall one render with feeling that of which he does not understand the meaning? All worthy performances of musical works must be based upon an understanding of their contents and form. This being had, the feelings and the imagination can have full play to vivify, beautify and idealize by all the technical means furnished by virtuosity the work of the composer. The great artist, whether vocal or instrumental, is he who combines knowledge, feeling, imagination and technical skill.

WE wish all our readers, in the received formula, but sincerely, "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year." And in this connection we desire to call their attention to the fact that now is an unusually good time for them to get their friends to join the happy family of the readers of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW. It is a good time, too, to subscribe *for* your friends. What more acceptable gift could you offer a musical person than that of a subscription to the REVIEW, which shall each month come as a reminder of the giver and a fresh source of pleasure? Again; our next issue will begin a new volume, and while each issue of the REVIEW is complete in itself, those who desire to bind the paper will find it advantageous to begin with the beginning of the year. So, we repeat it, send in your subscriptions and those of your friends. Besides, we mean to pay you well for so doing. See the publishers' latest offer of one of their excellent pocket metronomes for one *new* subscriber!

THE MUCH-ABUSED PIANO.

NOT only by the "piano banger" or the tuner who untunes it, is the piano abused. Indeed, their abuse affects only the physical qualities of the instrument and is calculated to arouse sympathy for the poor, ill-treated machine. But the abuse of another sort, the stealing away of its good name by all kinds of slanders which it has come to be the fashion for critics of both high and low degree to indulge in, is one of which the piano certainly has a right to complain, and since it is unable to formulate its own defence it may be well enough for us to briefly investigate in the interest of music and of truth the charges brought against it.

Let us first hear the accusations. "Its scale is not true!" cries a singing teacher whose pupils "flat" their scales. "It ruins the ear of singers. It should never be used in the training or practice of vocalists!" The first violinist of an orchestra hears the cry, joins in it, and adds: "Piano music lacks variety of tone-color; the piano plays at being an orchestra, but it is little better than a tin-pan so far as beauty of tone is concerned." An organist here breaks in and exclaims that "Of keyed instruments the organ alone can produce true sustained tones with proper gradations of power, while the piano sings every note *decrescendo*, and is therefore a very imperfect make-shift." Of course, he has nothing to say about the tempered scale, for his pet instrument also has it. And here the great chorus of know-alls who are know-nothings swell the cry of crucify it, because——because——well, because others have started the howl.

Now, let us see what there is in all this hue and cry. Is it true that the tempered scale destroys the "ear" of vocalists? How many vocalists are there who sing as true as the piano plays? Has any one ever heard a singer accused of singing flat or sharp whose vocalization would bear the test of comparison as to pitch with a well-tuned piano? The answers to these questions every one can give, and they will not bear out the charge made by the singing teacher. Let us now compare the piano and the organ. It is true that the piano lacks the power to sustain or to swell single tones, and has but one register or quality of sound, but sustained tone is required only occasionally, while precision of attack is always needed; and, say what you will, the organ, with its magnificent voice, is but a slovenly singer in rapid passages. The piano cannot swell, but swelling is but an occasional need, while the organ cannot accent, and accent is needed in every measure. Of course, when it comes to power and to variety of tone-colors, the piano must yield the palm to the organ; but each added register means added cost, and the cost of the organ would place it far beyond the reach of the large majority of music lovers, even if its unwieldly size did not make it ordinarily unavailable.

If now we look at the objections of the orchestral musician, we shall find that they are quite unreasonable. If the piano, a single instrument, is to be compared to the entire orchestra, its inferiority will have to be conceded; but what instrument is there in the orchestra that, take it all in all, will compete with it? Of them all, the violin tribe alone can make any attempt at more than a single note at a time. Music—modern music, at least—is quite as much harmony as melody, and no one or no two instruments of the orchestra can approach to giving the most ordinary four-part harmony. In this respect, the piano is the equal of the organ, and the two are superior to anything else, short of an orchestra. The skilled violinist takes up a new score and plays one or at best two parts—the skilled pianist takes up the same score and plays all the harmonies. Who gets or gives the more complete idea of the work? Who cares to hear an unaccompanied solo upon any orchestral instrument? Perhaps the boys in the gallery at a cheap concert. And who usually saves these instruments from utter failure, if not the much-slandered piano?

As a help to serious musical study and practice, the piano is without a rival. It is a well-known fact that all the great composers of the past, with the exception of Wagner and Berlioz, after putting down their thoughts, submitted them to the test of their pianos, which thus became, so to speak, the scales in which the harmonic value of their inspirations was tested.

It is not impossible that the future may bring forth an instrument that shall have all the merits of the piano and none of its defects. If it comes in our day, we shall be glad to herald its advent; but until it does, the fact will remain that of all instruments the piano gives the greatest scope for the study and practice of music, and hence is the worthiest of study. Like all good things, it is liable to be made an evil by improper or over use, but the ill use of anything is never a good reason for its condemnation. Let us, therefore, have fewer jibes against this great musical educator of the nineteenth century, less throwing upon its patient back of the blame for the shortcomings of the incompetent and the ignorant, and more honest, serious study of the wealth of compositions to which it has given birth, and of its own inherent powers to reproduce—in monochrome, it is true, but with the fidelity of a photograph—the musical thoughts of the great minds of the tone world.

THE season of opera just closed in St. Louis by the "American Opera Company," has fully demonstrated, to us at least, that if the star system has disadvantages, the no-star system has more. Had the American Opera Company had such solo singers and artists as the troupes of Abbey or Mapleson, its performances would have been great; as it was, in spite of the perfection of detail, they were disappointing. One excellent *prima donna*, Fursch-Madi, one good tenor, Candidus, and one fair basso, Whitney, do not constitute a troupe for grand opera, even with a large chorus and an excellent orchestra.

It is not difficult, after a week of such experience as that we have just had, to understand why great operatic composers have pigeon-holed their compositions for years rather than entrust their leading roles to artists that could not sustain them properly, and that too when they had at hand all that could be wished in other respects.

THE SCARLATTI FAMILY.

IN these days, when biographies of poets, painters, and musicians are so much read and talked of, we need scarcely apologize for drawing attention to one family, whose history seems to us to be somewhat neglected. Yet the influence of Alessandro and Domenico Scarlatti can scarcely be over estimated. They lived at a time when music was only beginning to be recognized as an elevating and ennobling art, possessing rights of its own, and rattling the poetry to which it was linked. The friends of Alessandro Scarlatti do not seem to have written about him to their friends—letter writing not being a very common accomplishment in those day—and the annals of his life are scarce; but the few facts which may be gleaned are not without interest to the student. There were three generations of the Scarlatti, as of the Bach family; and the second in each family attained the higher popularity. From the most reliable authority of the time, we learn that Alessandro was born at Naples, in 1650, and was called the founder of the Neapolitan school of music. His birthplace is believed to have been Trapani, in Sicily; but of his early life little is known, excepting that he was a pupil of Carissimi at Rome (a composer at that time the delight of his contemporaries, but now known to us by a few cantatas on sacred subjects). Dr. Burney say that the first secular music in parts, after the invention of counterpoint, is the harmony set to metric and strophic lines of Naples, for which the most genuine and best were published at Venice, 1555. The first ascertained fact in Alessandro's life is that he was commissioned to compose an opera, *Il Onesto dell' Amore*, for the Queen Christina of Sweden, who, after her abdication, lived at Rome, and seems to have been one of his patrons. This opera was performed in her palace in 1680, and it appears probable that he was at that time a composer of some mark. Another opera, *Pompeo*, was performed at the Royal Palace of Naples, Jan. 30, 1684, and in the libretto Alessandro is styled *maestro di cappella* to the Queen of Sweden. In 1693, he composed an oratorio, *I Dolori di Maria sempre Vergine*, and about the same time the latter, which had the germs of the recitative obbligato, and the entire audience is employed as an accompaniment. Queen Christina kingdied in 1689, soon after her death we find Alessandro in his native city of Naples, where he turned his attention to the improvement of his art. In 1694, he became *maestro di cappella* to the Viceroy of Naples, and assistant *maestro* to Antonio Faggia, at Santa Maria Maggiore. Rome, and succeeded to the chief post in May, 1707. Cardinal Ottoboni became his patron, and made him his private *maestro di cappella*; through his influence, Alessandro received the Order of the Golden Spur, an honor also bestowed on Glück and Mozart.

As a composer, Scarlatti's fertility was enormous, and he left over 200 masses; but though Jommelli pronounced his motets and masses to be the best he knew in the *concertante* style, few have survived to our own time. He further composed 150 operatic works, of which only 41 are extant; he also greatly improved oratorio, and introduced cantatas on sacred subjects. The latter had consisted only of recitative, or a simple air, generally in triple time, set to different stanzas, and repeated after each narration or poem; the *da capo* was unknown in his use, the air being repeated with some little change or embellishment. From this time, however, the *da capo* became so fashionable that, in 1715, scarcely an air was written without it. Some writers claim Scarlatti as the inventor of it, but this statement seems scarcely borne out by facts. Alessandro Freducci and pupils Gasparini, Buononcini, Antonio Lotti and Marcello, brought cantata writing to perfection. Dr. Burney, in his "History of Music, mentions 35 cantatas chiefly composed at Tivoli, between October, 1704, and March, 1705. The violoncello parts of many were so excellent, that whoever was able to do them justice was thought a supernatural being. Alessandro still, is not always free from pedantry, and in struggling after novelty his modulation in sometimes crude and unnatural; while he is occasionally guilty of trying to express the meaning of a single word at the expense of the general sense and spirit of the poem. He greatly improved the drama, which until his time was a mixture of sacred and profane subjects, borrowed from fable and history with as little taste as discernment. Such a marvelous composition, having no solid foundation either in religion or popular ideas, could only bring forth absurdity; and about this time the poets themselves began to feel how much better, it was to interest the hearts of their listeners than simply to dazzle. Alessandro was the first composer to help in this resolution; he is said to have written the words to some of his cantatas. In his operas, he considerably reduced the number of fugues, counterfugues, and many other intricacies of science, which only annoy the unlearned and destroy energy of expression. His overtures are in an entirely different style to those of Lully, who was all that time the model for Europe. Alessandro continued to compose and play on the harp till advanced in years, and died at Naples in 1725. During part of his life, he was teacher at three of the Naples Conservatories, San Onofrio, I Poveri and Loreta. Among his numerous pupils were Logroscino, Hasse, Leo, Durante, Carapello, Gizzi, Abos, Porpora and Contumacci. A pamphlet (published in MS. only) shows the high opinion entertained of his ability as teacher and critic. In it, he gave judgment between two Spanish musicians about a striking dissonance employed by one; it is entitled "Discorso di Musica sopra un Caso Particolare in Arte del Sig. Cav. Alessandro Scarlatti (Maestro della Real Cappella di Napoli), 1717." He was buried in the San Cecilie chapel of the church of Monte Santo, Naples, and, from the inscription on the tombstone, he is believed to have been a Knight of Malta. His pupil, Durante, brought out many of his works as his own, though it is sometimes owned the help derived from the manuscript of the master. It is only by a rare chance one now is fortunate enough to meet with an opera of Alessandro's, although our libraries contain a few trust-worthy scores. Of his private life, but little seems to be known.

Domenico Scarlatti, as talented as his father, was born in 1683, two years only before the great Sebastian Bach. These two musical celebrities both wished to meet, but were prevented from their desire. Händel did meet Domenico, and they became great friends. Domenico's first master was his father; but afterwards Gasparini of Carpani. It has been said he was also a pupil of Bernardo Pasquini; but as Pasquini was a follower of the school of Palestrina, and confined himself strictly to ecclesiastic style, while Domenico's style was artistic is that he freed himself from that style, there seems reason to doubt this opinion. The first work on which Domenico is known to have been engaged was that of remodeling (in 1704) the opera *Irene*, first written by Polarolis in 1695. In 1710, he composed a *dramma pastorale*, *Silvia*, which was followed by *Ottavia Restituita al Trono*, in 1711, the latter being especially interesting, as it is the first musical setting of that subject. In January, 1715, Domenico produced, in Italy, another opera, *Berenice*, Rome, where he composed several masses and motets. In 1721, he went to Lisbon, where he became a great favorite; but the longing for his beloved Naples drove him home again, where he is said heard him play the harpsicord in 1725. Meanwhile, Händel had met Domenico in 1708, and their friendship had become so great that they lived long together to Rome, where the patron of Domenico, Cardinal Ottoboni, held a kind of competition between the two great players, the victory was at first undecided, as the trial was on the harpsichord; but when the text was applied to the organ, Scarlatti was the first to acknowledge the superiority of his rival, and declared that he had never heard such playing existed as Händel's. They continued firm friends and remained together till Händel left Italy—parting with a *da capo* which recalled memories of their old companionship, though they only met once more. In extreme old age, Händel spoke with pleasure of their friendship, and, when Domenico was living retired in Spain, it is said that he would turn the conversation on Händel's superior playing, and cross himself with reverence at the mere mention of his name; but he must have possessed the true modesty of genius, ever ready to acknowledge the equality, if not the superiority, of meritorious others. In 1719, was performed in London his opera, *Narciso*, and he then renewed his acquaintance with Händel. In 1729, he was invited to the Spanish court, and appointed music master to the Princess of the Asturias, a former pupil of his in Lisbon. As a harpist, he excelled his father; but his performances on the harpsichord have won him his greatest reputation. In his early days he made great use of crossing the hands, and as in his latter years he became too stout to make so much use of this exercise as formerly, so his latter compositions are easier to the performer than his earlier ones. He was one of the first who composed according to taste, and not strictly to the rule consecrated by routine. On being criticised for doing so he asked his bearers if the liberty he had used offended their ears; a negative being given he then said that he considered that there was no other rule in music worthy the attention of a genius than that of pleasing the only sense to which music addressed itself.

Towards the middle of the last century the concertos of Händel and the lessons of Scarlatti were the only good music in England. Scarlatti was most certainly the founder of modern execution and his influence may be traced in Mendelssohn, Liszt and many other masters of the modern school. His harpsichord lessons were mostly short, but full of sweet and pleasing melody. Mendelssohn makes frequent mention of Santini as possessing many of Scarlatti's productions. Santini was originally a poor orphan boy with a great taste for music; he was received into the college of Salviati, and during his stay there, he occupied himself in copying and scoring the church music of the great masters; as an ecclesiastic, he had the *entrée* to many libraries and collections generally inaccessible. His collection is still highly valued by *connoisseurs*. Scarlatti himself published but one book of thirty pieces, entitled "*Esercizio per Gravicembalo*," printed (according to Burney) in Venice before 1746. Others of his works have been published at Leipsic and Vienna, and occasionally other pieces are printed in London and other musical centres. His Cat Fugue is still reckoned no insignificant piece in a pianist's *repertoire*. At the time of the compositions themselves, they were considered amazingly difficult; and though *technique* has made great strides, and their performance is not quite so unattainable, a present day musician can scarcely lay claim to the title of "a good pianist" without having paid some little attention to the mastery of some of his lessons and fugues. In 1740 was performed, in the Opera House, London, a *pasticcio*, called *Alessandro in Persia*. The music in this drama was so judiciously arranged, that few operas afford a greater variety of airs in different styles. The principal composers of the songs were Domenico, Scarlatti, Leo and Lampugnani. According to the *Gazzetta Musicale*, of Naples, Sept. 15, 1838, he returned to Naples in 1754, and died there in 1757, leaving his family in great destitution, as he had never been a moderate gambler. There is afterwards mention of a Giuseppe Scarlatti, born at Naples in 1718. Some historians call him a son of Domenico, others say that he was a nephew. Though a musician, he had little influence on the art which owes so much to his predecessors, and with him the name of Scarlatti dies from the annals of the great musicians. In our time, biographies teem with accounts of the private affairs of individuals; but when we study the lives of these great men we feel the want of their ways of living. Only through their works can we get anything like an intimate acquaintance with them, but even so, the knowledge lends additional interest to their music.—*Musical Opinion.*

PIANOPHOBIA.

A NEW and strange crusade is being preached in Paris, where just now it is sought to turn a source of nuisance into a source of revenue. Pianophobia has declared itself, and from a most unexpected quarters. M. Reyer, who is a member of the Institute, and himself a composer of ability, has drawn up a bill which, if passed, will bring into the treasury some $1,800,000 or $2,000,000. His idea is to tax pianos. As a nuisance they have lately got beyond all limits in Paris. M. Reyer appeals to humanity what he and his fellow-countrymen have suffered from arrangements of *Guillaume Tell* or *Les Huguenots*, and says, indeed, with much truth, that such performances have stifled music as an art. He proposes that $4.00 a year be paid as a license for the use of each piano, the tax, however, only applying to the capital. There are to be exemptions in this incidence. Governesses and persons who derive their incomes from the study of music have not to pay the tax, and special provisions may be made for relief from it. If M. Reyer's suggestion is not carried out, it is proposed to make the playing of a piano in a room with an open window liable to a fine. Paris does not in this case hesitate to take a hint from Germany. If such a law was to be introduced into the U. S., the competition among the pianomakers is so lively that the manufacturing would probably advertise their pianos at the regular market rates, taxes included.

THE new designs for 1887, shown by the catalogue recently issued by the New England Organ Co., are all tasteful, while some are exquisite. The pamphlet shows eighteen different designs of cases, ranging from the more severe styles to the most gorgeous, from the organ that would not be out of place in the humblest cottage to the one that might put on airs in a palace. Their "Student's Pedal Organ" seems to be just the thing for those who wish to study the pipe organ, and we notice it is highly recommended for that purpose by America's greatest organist, Geo. W. Morgan.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

THE "National (American) Opera Company" has come and gone. It is unnecessary to enter into long details concerning each particular performance, as what our readers will want to know is rather our opinion of the whole. The stage settings were most complete, the orchestra is excellent, the choruses will answer, but, with perhaps three exceptions, the soloists are unsatisfactory. Among the *prima donne*, when you have mentioned Mmes. Fursch-Madi and L'Allemand, you have exhausted the list. The pronunciation of the chief singers, even in recitative passages where there is no excuse for bad pronunciation, with the exception of Candidus and Whitney, is abominable, and, for all practical purposes, the text might as well be given in Choctaw.

Mr. Thomas again proved his unfitness to be a director of opera by his action in a little incident of which our readers have probably been informed more or less correctly through the daily papers. The facts, which we took the trouble of sifting to the bottom, are briefly these: Mme. Fursch-Madi, in Cincinnati, had asked the stage manager (one Hock) to change his stage arrangements in the "Huguenots," so as to make them conform to the traditions established by Meyerbeer at the Paris *Grand Opera*, and which are followed on all the principal stages of Europe, where Mrs. Fursch-Madi has played. Her request was based upon the ground that the changes introduced by Hock were of a nature to disarrange her stage business and disconcert her. She was joined in her request by Mr. Candidus. Hock glared at them and, for all answer, yelled at them a brutal "No!" When the opera was next rehearsed (in St. Louis) Mme. Fursch-Madi, forgetting that among the changes made by Hock was that of a table and several chairs in the midst of the stage, turned in her accustomed way to go in haste up the stage (to conceal her lover) and stumbled over one of the chairs, bruising her ankle and knee in a way to cause her severe pain. Seizing the offending chair, she shoved it impatiently to one side, when the valorous Hock (who is not afraid of a woman, you know) rushed to the rescue of the chair and slamming it upon the stage with violence (Hock is not afraid of a chair, either) said it should remain there. Mme. Fursch-Madi told Mr. Hock she had hurt herself on account of his chairs and table, and there was no need to make a fuss about it. Thereupon, Hock (who is also not afraid of a table) struck the table violently with his fist, saying in the vernacular of the American Opera Company—German, that the table should also stay there. The table made no objection, neither did Mme. Fursch-Madi, but the latter had some sense of the respect which is due to an artist and a woman, and as she could not very well thrash the ill-mannered boor and coward, tears of shame and resentment filled her eyes, she choked up, and feeling she could no longer sing and not desiring to make a scene, she hastily retired to her dressing-room. Mr. Thomas then pretended to be made aware for the first time that anything out of the ordinary had occurred, and professing astonishment at Mme. Fursch-Madi's disappearance, without more ado ended the rehearsal. He then claimed that Mme. Fursch-Madi's action was an insult to him, and, to the disgust of the public, substituted an entirely incompetent person to take her place in the cast of the "Huguenots," and this in spite of the repeated assurances of the singer that she had intended no slight to him or any of his people. Mr. Thomas is not afraid of some women (Mme Fursch-Madi, for instance) but he has a business notion of the power of some other women (Mrs. Thurber, for instance) and he forthwith abandoned his orchestra to rush to New York and give his version of the affair. The performances lost nothing by it, for his substitute is a better conductor of opera than himself, but that is a point on which Mr. Thomas would hardly agree with us. At this time, we have not yet heard what the board of directors of the Opera Company have decided, but we know that the public, whose opinion we indorse, are unanimous in the condemnation of the boorish stage manager and the autocratic and unreasonable position assumed by his would-be majesty, Thomas. The action of Messrs. Thomas and Locke in this matter is calculated to give at least the semblance of truth to stories that were current in New York before the opening of the season, to the effect that Mme. Fursch-Madi was obnoxious to them on account of her personal friendship with Mrs. Thurber, the chief patroness and the originator of the National Opera Co., and this because they feared she might tell Mrs. Thurber, what so many know, that to pay Mr. Thomas $35,000 a year for his services is suicidal, when a better conductor of opera could be had for one-sixth of the price; that to pay $750 a week to Mr. Locke for doing nothing that could not be done as well or better for $200 a month is foolishness, and so on to the end of the list. Mr. Thomas seems to be determined to push Miss Juch forward as the leading star of the Opera Company. Miss Juch's unfitness for such a position is so well known that Mr. Thomas' endeavors in that direction have resulted in no little gossip uncomplimentary to the moral character of both, as to the personal relations existing between them. We mention this fact only to assure our readers that, so far as we have been able to discover, such charges are utterly without foundation. The facts seem to be that the musical influence of the piano house of Steinway is paramount in New York society circles. When Mrs. Thurber evolved her opera scheme, Mr. Tretbar, the brains of the house of Steinway, saw his opportunity. He suggested Thomas, one of their retainers, as conductor. Thomas was engaged at the ridiculous salary stated. Then Thomas suggested Locke as manager (also a faithful Steinwayite) who enjoys also the fruits (alone, perhaps, perhaps on shares) of Mr. Tretbar's business skill. Now, Mr. Tretbar is Miss Juch's agent and, of course, the least Thomas and Locke can do is to help her along for her agent's sake, even at the expense of driving away the only *great* artist in the company. It is a matter of business purely, so far as we can see. It is further believed in many quarters that Thomas and Locke expect to see the American Opera Co. go to pieces, and that when that occurs they have their plans already laid to start another troupe, leaving out Mrs. Thurber and her friends. If that is so (and we mention it only as a rumor) it is no wonder they should be desirous of seizing upon any pretext to eliminate an element which would make it doubtful who was "left out" in the new deal. It certainly seems undeniable that Thomas and Locke seized upon the incident mentioned as a pretext purely. They reckoned that Mme. Fursch-Madi, having been insulted by Hock and the insult "rubbed in" by Thomas & Co., would pack her trunks and leave, and thus break her contract, and they would have succeeded but for the presence of De Vivo who warned the singer of the plot. That is the secret of Thomas' anger against De Vivo, by the way. If there had been insubordination or a breach of stage etiquette, it was easy to impose a fine as is usually done in such cases. The extraordinary methods followed show that an extraordinary result was desired. Time will show whether it will be accomplished. If it is, good-bye American Opera!

THE first performance of the year by the Choral Society—"The Creation"—was not the success we could have wished. The choruses were in the main satisfactory, but the less said of the balance the better. This is particularly true of the work of the imported soprano, which was beneath criticism.

THE piano recitals which were to be given in St. Louis by Mme. Julie Rivé-King on Dec. 3d and 4th were postponed on account of the American Opera Season. Mme. King's health has not been of the best lately, and in view of that fact her manager has deferred until later the announcement of new dates. It is to be hoped that Mme. King will soon regain her accustomed health, and that our citizens will have the pleasure of hearing her excellent performances.

MISS LIZZIE ISAACS gave, on November 19, at her music rooms, a very interesting piano recital, of which the following is the programme: *a.* Italian Concerto (Allegro), *Bach.* *b.* Sonata Appassionata—a. Allegro assai, b. Andante con moto, c. Allegro and Presto Finale, *Beethoven.* *a.* Scherzo, a capriccio, F sharp minor, *Mendelssohn.* *b.* Traumeswirren, *Schumann.* *a.* Study for left hand; *b.* Première Ballade, *Chopin.* Miss Isaacs' playing was excellent throughout. Her closing selection, Chopin's first *ballade*, was particularly admired by her well-pleased auditors.

LEIT-MOTIF TORTURE.

NOW-A-DAYS our little masters excel chiefly in skill of covering emptiness; in brilliancy of gilding; in pomposity of exposition. Burning thoughts are scarce, although loud words are ready. We ask for "the news"—a new idea—but we are answered by an old tale dressed up in glaring toggery. At best, we find one theme; a *leit-motif*, spun out to "heavenly length" of prolixity. The torturing of a phrase, the readjustment of its skeleton framework, the lengthening of this sinew, the tightening of that ligament, give a ghastly semblance of rejuvenation to a worn-out vitality, a painfully galvanized imitation of the action of life. At first the trick looked clever:—most tricks do till you understand them. It excited the interest of students absorbed in analyzing the mysteries of constructive artifice, the secrets of the workshop; and it appeared to promise an added strength, a fresh expansion of boundaries, a pulsational force previously almost untried, and certainly unexhausted. But familiarity begets a dangerous progeny. In our vaunted symphonic concoctions, our rhapsodies, our tone-pictures, and our other high-soundingly-named lucubrations, one dreary, pointless theme (not originally, too enchanting or fresh) is twisted and turned about, disrespectfully wrenched in this direction and in that, taken to pieces and reunited, as a poor, despised doll is in the nursery, dressed sometimes in loose attires and anon in gorgeous orchestral habiliments, until we fairly loathe the thing that so persistently thrusts itself at us, that whines among the muted violins, groans with the tortured tones of obtrusive bassoons, moans from among the convolutions of circling horns, hisses with the piercing tongues of piccolos, and anathematizes with the unyielding dogmatism of blatant trombones. First we have a vaguely-drifting sort of theme, afflicted with a looseness of joint specially contrived to yield unresistingly to the rack and to be readily dismembered and restrung. Then (instead of a second theme which in some way or other might, while distinctly asserting itself, throw a fresh charm around the original proposition, or afford an alternative thought) we have an attenuated version of the old utterance, with some point emphasized and another thrown back into shade—a remodeling which seems intended to make the listener fancy that he has hitherto been deceiving himself, and that the original proposition was not what he understood it to be. When we hope that we are nearing the peroration, and shall soon get away from the nightmare that has so long worried us, there is a sudden renewal of vigor and a fresh start of action; but still traversing the well-beaten track, and running in the monotonous groove, with a duple in lieu of a triple accentuation; like a respectable hymn tune demoralized into a voluptuous waltz. And so we go on, till the clever exercise in exuberant verbosity finishes with utmost bewilderment and riot, aptly depicted by a conglomeration of string and wind, brass and parchment clanging cymbals and tinkling triangle. Something of a like sensation has troubled us when we have seen an experienced grimalkin sport with a little frightened mouse, giving it a momentary hope of regained liberty and then pouncing anew upon the helpless victim, until at last, with mutterings (whether of gratified revenge, or joy, or anger, we could scarcely discern) the murder was completed, and the last spark of life in the little rodent thief was quenched. Mice must be killed. Yea! we keep the cat on purpose to make war upon them and to protect our larder from their depredations. Still, the sight of the unequal struggle excites a little feeling not altogether pleasant. And the musical mouse—the poor, feeble little theme—may be, and often is, the reverse of charming. We wonder why so much trouble should be taken to expound it; to invest it with a pretense of importance, to reiterate its common-place points, its dreary platitudes. Nevertheless its ruthless worry, the persistent harrowing out of its insignificant little life, and the dogged pertinacity with which it is clutched and shaken and torn, will stir up some feeling of commiseration. Everything has its place, and some sort or degree of a right to exist. The cat would lose a pleasure were there no mice; and the driest compiler of music should have some faint respect for the children of his not exuberant fecundity; and should give them a little peace in their feeble (if not tender or juicy) youth, ere any degree of maturity has been reached.—DR. HILES, in *Quarterly Musical Review.*

THREE CHRISTMAS-TIDES.

JUST at the end of Sippersfeld, in the Rhenish Bavaria, rose a little villa which looked as if it loitered between the town and the country, for, while the wall of its garden was a party-wall with those of the town, its modest but elegant front, turned towards the Rhine and the forest, quite isolated it from its urban neighbors. This house, which looked like that of a sage or a dreamer, did not suggest wealth, but indicated that its inhabitants were in comfortable circumstances—the *aurea mediocritas* of Horace. The forest with its mysterious perspectives, and the Rhine with its tall cliffs, crowned here and there in the distance by the ruins of ancient *burgs*, which the mist of the great river half concealed from view, gave to the site of the dwelling an indefinable perfume of primitive poetry, while the symmetry and good taste which had presided over the arrangement of the surroundings and the construction of the buildings testified to habits of comforts which indicated the presence of high-minded or well-born people. Nor were appearances deceptive, for here dwelt *Capellmeister* Heinrich von Strotte, a composer, known throughout Germany, without being positively illustrious, because he had preferred happiness to renown, that is to say, consecrated to the love of his companion and the education of his son all the time he could spare from his labors, to which indeed he devoted himself rather through love of his art than from motives of ambition.

At the date when this story begins, December 24 1869, he was sixty years of age, but he had kept all the freshness of imagination, gayety and youthfulness of disposition which some thirty years before had captivated *Fraulein* Barbara, the daughter of the *Burgmeister* and the prettiest bride that could then be seen from Spires to Mannheim. God had blessed their union by giving them a son who that very year was to finish his medical studies at Heidelberg.

The separation from his son, caused by the necessity of the young man's spending three years at the University to obtain his doctor's degree, was perhaps the only sorrow the old master had ever had. No—I am mistaken. Sorrow, which forgets no one, had visited him two months before, when he had learned the death of his best friend, the composer D'Arcy. They had become bosom friends when Heinrich von Strotte, then a young man, desiring to study the French school of music, had attended the Paris Conservatoire whose course of study George D'Arcy was also taking.

Although of very different dispositions, the two young artists had formed a close friendship based upon the love of their art, the talent which they recognized in each other, hence upon reciprocal esteem. Heinrich had no more sincere admirer than George, who, in return, appreciated the beautiful compositions George already produced more highly than any one else. Hence death alone could snap the bonds that, for forty years, had united these two geniuses.

George D'Arcy, nearer the focus of glory, since now-a-days it is Paris, as of old it was Athens, that gives immortality, George D'Arcy, nearer to the hill-top where crowns are awarded, soon became celebrated, but married late. Heinrich von Strotte, quite as gifted, as learned and no less great as an artist, married early and remained near the foot of the hill, because, as I said above, he preferred happiness to renown.

Heinrich had a son, George became the father of a daughter, and the two friends planned to unite them in marriage so as to give outward manifestation to the kinship of their souls. The love of the two young people taught French to the one and German to the other, and when Mr. D'Arcy died, after a very short illness, it was in the home of the old friend of the French master that his wife and daughter sought consolation, and not forgetfulness but resignation.

Thus it came to pass that on the 24th of December, 1869, Mme. D'Arcy and Blanche were under the hospitable roof of *Herr* and *Frau* von Strotte. The first bitterness of sorrow had given way with them all to that melancholy that always follows great sorrows, because "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"; the old *Capellmeister* had resumed his labors and his studies, the piano had been re-opened, and more than once Blanche, who had a magnificent voice, had sung his new compositions for her father's friend as she had often before done for her father.

What precedes, the death of the friend and the absence of the son will serve to explain why, although it was Christmas eve, a festivity essentially German and home-like, the master and his guests were, if not sad, at least not very merry. Notwithstanding the tempting aroma of the numerous dishes which Gretchen elaborated in the *sanctum sanctorum* of her kitchen, notwithstanding the unusual splendor of the table-ware, the bustling air of the two maid-servants and the monumental log which filled the hearth with flame and the room with light, Heinrich, *Frau* Barbara, Blanche and her mother were unable to enter into the spirit of this day of joy. They all felt much more inclined to reverie than to jollity, and they hearkened with more complacency to the noise of the wind through the trees of the forest, the crackling of the branches loaded with sleet, than to the shouts of the town which were borne, lessened in intensity but still distinctly, into the great dining-room where they were waiting. What were they expecting? Alas—nothing now! The father, husband, friend had left them for the great voyage from which one never returns, and Carl, who had sent word he would pay them a visit,

had not come. Great had been the disappointment of all when the stage from Mannheim had passed without dropping the student at his father's door.

But, suddenly, the outer door is briskly opened and a step, which all think her recognize, crosses the vestibule and Carl appears, hailed by three cries of joy. *Vrai* Barbara rushes to her son with open arms and tearful eyes, the old *Capellmeister* arises hurriedly, hardly less moved, while Mme. D'Arcy gracefully exclaims: There he is, at last! while Blanche takes a timid step toward him, murmuring rather than saying: Carl! Would you believe it? The ungrateful fellow heard only this one name, breathed forth rather than articulated. While he was embracing his mother, his eyes saw only the blushing betrothed, and both his heart and his mind followed his eyes. If any one noticed it, no one scolded him for it: only Blanche, and his old father, who had loved and remembered it, smiled and murmured as he looked at his aged companion: That's the way I loved her.

The son's return gave back to this anniversary of a coming joyful for the entire world, the character of joyfulness which it has, specially in German homes.

After the supper, during which Carl related that, having missed the stage at Mannheim, he had bravely come on foot through the forest, old Heinrich, for whom there was no good time without good music, sat at the piano, called the two young people to his side, and putting a large sheet of music paper in front of him, he said to them: "This is my latest composition, a setting of some words of this lucky dog, Carl, which you will now sing for the first time." And he added with a suggestive smile, "be sure that you sing it with feeling." His fingers ran lightly over the keys in a prelude, which was a fine improvisation, while Carl's hand, behind the back of his father, sought and found that of his betrothed who, blushing, sang, timidly at first, but soon confidently, in a voice glorious with natural beauty and cultured expression, the following lines

The bird that flies at early morn,
A vagabond, through wood and dell,
In search of wealth (the wealth of corn
Or millet which he loves so well)
When evening's sober shadows fall,
When stall-ward plod the flocks to rest,
Hears Nature's voice within him call
And seeks his well-remembered nest.
So, too, the mind, capricious fay,
By Fancy led, o'er hill and glen
May fly afar; but, done the day,
To thoughts of home it turns again.

The truant bee that leaves his hive,
Among the fragrant bow'rs to roam
Through which Flora's children thrive,
Forgetful of his mates and home,
When night the Storm-god's wings shall fan
Fire flashing 'neath each rapid hoof,
As magnet turns to polar star,
Turns he and seeks his humble roof.
So, human flow'rs; with fragrance now,
"Mid joy, may make the world forget;
Let sorrow cloud its skies of blue,
It turns to those it loved, as yet.

The boat, cut loose from peaceful shore,
To rock on sun-tipped waves in glee,
Is white sails spread the wind before,
A thing of life upon the sea,
When tempests come, with demon hiss,
Flees from the late protecting land,
But, gone the squall, it seeks the kiss
Once more, of its beloved strand.
Those storms of woe may make us rue
To shun the love it fain would reach.
But, done the storm, it knows its goal
And seeks again the blissful beach.

It was the 21th of December, 1870. One year only had passed, but that short space of time had sufficed to overthrow a throne and to vanquish the nation whom Strabo called "The people who have large assemblies and great courage." The black eagle of Prussia had swooped upon the eagle with the golden wings of the beautiful land of France, and the latter, already bruised, bleeding, conquered, but not stripped, saw fit to fight with greater glory. Paris had been besieged for a month, and the German armies were traversing France in all directions, for France no longer had experienced troops to defend it, her last one was now her love to die, and her people, not knowing how to conquer like their leaders, the fields remained untilled, the cities were everywhere besieged by the enemy, and all the roads were filled with vehicles loaded down with fleeing women, old men and children.

It was amidst the very hour when, eighteen centuries before, the Love and Charity that was to redeem the world had also come from the east, that a carriage, loaded, for it contained, besides numerous objects piled in pell-mell, a bed upon which a young woman near whom sat a young girl, was trembling with fear even more than she shivered with cold, tried to hold up her pain-racked head so as to avoid the jolts of their journey on this rough road which they were following. A few other unfortunates, fugitives, too, women and old men, benumbed with cold and fear, followed the one of the two ladies. A deep and sad silence seemed to hover over the carriage, from Metz to Chambord, and here and there great fires lit up the heavens. Suddenly, a cry of affright was heard: "There they come!" cried a woman's voice. It was so. The frozen road resounded, shaking beneath the gallop of the horses. Then, beside themselves with fear, all rushed for refuge into the woods on each side of the road, and the cart, abandoned by its driver, remained alone. A few minutes later it was surrounded by a detachment of uhlans.

One of them rudely pushed aside the cloth that but ill protected the sick woman from the cold of this arctic night. At sight of the bed, the officer paused, startled, but not his daughter, a prey to all the anguish one can feel and not die, with dishevelled hair and dilated pupils, her eyes surrounded by those white circles which great frights paint there, and her brow pale as wax, said to him: "What do you wish, sir?" "By Jove," gally cried the soldier, "that's a pretty girl!" But just then the officer who commanded the detachment appeared upon the scene. "Blanche!" he exclaimed, as soon as his eyes rested upon her.

An hour later, Mme. D'Arcy, comfortably installed in an abandoned house, was receiving the care of the young doctor, who had become an officer (for, of course, Carl's identity has been discovered by the reader), and, thanks to his attendance, the excellence of her bed and the mild temperature kept up by the large fire which blazed in the fire-place, Mme. D'Arcy fell gently into a restoring sleep, after the cold, the fatigues and the emotions of this evil day.

When she awoke her mother-in-law, Blanche drew near to the chimney, followed by Carl, to whom she had spoken only to ask him to leave her alone with her mother: "Dear, sick mother—that is to say, that she had treated him as a stranger.

Moved by the meeting with her lovely friend, glad of the protection he had been able to extend over her and of the care he had given her mother, the young officer tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it suddenly, cast an icy glance upon him, and said to him: "I am thankful to the physician for his care, but I wish to remind the captain that his soldiers are awaiting him to continue their work of devastation!

And Blanche left the apartment.

"I am *Mademoiselle* D'Arcy!" she replied, haughtily. And she avoided her former betrothed's astonishment, she continued vehemently: "You took me and it seems as if, thinking of the past, you were wondering whether I am insane! Do you not see, my mother dying? Have you forgotten the crimes committed by your people, the fires which you set on your hands?—the curses of the people who but lately were yet happy and to whom you have brought ruin and desolation? Do you not know that France, rich in glorious and of poetry and inspiration, writhing with the rattle of death in her throat beneath the heel of your German boot, moist with the blood of our defenders and soiled with the mud of the Rhine?"

Blanche," interrupted he, sadly, "sorrow is making you wild. Am I responsible for the misfortunes which war unavoidably brings? Am I, a soldier? I am a soldier because I am citizen, but I do not hate your nation, you know it very well. Your mother is dying, I can do nothing for her, home gone, your house ruined and destroyed? What does that amount to? There is another house, which you have left and which you used to love. Now, more than ever, it is open to you, since you no longer have a home of your own, and it has been agreed long since that you would spend in my mother's house the New Year. And taking one of her hands, which she in vain endeavored to free, he added: "Do you remember the day one year ago? You remember the song my father had just composed?" And he murmured rather than sang:

The boat, cut loose from peaceful shore,
To rock on sun-tipped waves in glee,
Is white sails spread the wind before,
A thing of life upon the sea,
When tempests come, with demon hiss,
Flees from the late protecting land,
But, gone the squall, it seeks the kiss
Once more, of its beloved strand.
Those storms of woe may make us rue
To shun the love it fain would reach.
But, done the storm, it knows its goal
And seeks again the blissful beach.

Blanche, who wished to hate the enemy of her native country and who perhaps felt that the recollections called up were softening her heart, suddenly covered her face with both hands and stepped away, saying, with all the energy she was able to put into it, a forceful refusal: "I will not, I will not take the oath: "Never!"

Surgery is doubtless more advanced in the United States than in any other country. This may be due to the fact that medicine kills more people here than elsewhere and thus furnishes a greater material; but it may also receive its sharpeye of the old practitioner, whose perspicacity was, in this land of progress, sharpened by the fine instruments he had for his young friend. He had soon divined his trouble and penetrated the secret of his heart, but he had nothing left to know and to which I only need to add that Mlle. D'Arcy had disappeared and that for nearly three years Carl had been in complete ignorance of what had become of her, while he, himself, melancholy, for he still loved her.

Meanwhile Carl Heinrich Schumann was not only the regular physician of all the opera troupes that visited New York, but was considered prophetical upon the subject of the fact, and I should also recall the fact that Carl, who was himself a musician, had married the daughter of Heinrich von Strotte, who had taught him his notes before his letters. This will explain why the two friends seldom missed a performance of young and already renowned artists that composed the stage.

Now, for three months the eastern papers had heralded the coming to New York of a great artist who was not yet known there, but who, according to Chambord, had passed her as a rival of Patti in all the capitals of Europe. Besides she bore a name that seemed prophetic of success, Stella. Some said she was Italian, others that she was French.

On one of the first days of December, the doctor was called to attend a lady who occupied a room in the same house and who was seriously indisposed. The doctor made his call and found a young woman, whose name was Stella, in bed, and in spite of his being used to see suffering and death, the kind heart of his physician was soft as that of a woman, concluded from his behavior that this patient was not merely indisposed but seriously ill, and he took enough interest in her to frequently ask about her condition.

At first, Dr. Schumann answered him by going into the diagnostical details of the disease, the treatment he was following, etc., etc., a regular clinic, a complete course of nosology. But, a few days later, he became much less prolix. Often he answered with a mere: "She's better," and changed the subject of the conversation, while casting upon his young friend a Mephistophelian glance.

One day, at the table, he suddenly said to him: "You have never seen Stella?" "Never," answered Carl, since this is her first visit to New York." "That's so!" replied the old doctor, with his enigmatical smile, and he poured himself another glass and talked about something else.

It was Christmas eve, 1871. Dr. Schumann was pacing back and forth in his office, when he suddenly stopped in front of Carl and said: "Well, my patient has entirely recovered!" "What patient?" asked Carl, who was dreaming of Blanche. "Why, Stella, to be sure!" exclaimed Schumann, laughing. "The great Stella!"

"Ah!" said the other, rather indifferently, and then he added, through politeness merely: "I am glad of it. And when shall we hear her?"

The face of the old gentleman took on a quizzical expression which Carl did not notice, and he answered: "To-night!"

"To-night! But there's no opera to-night!

"And who said opera?" gally exclaimed the old doctor. "Right here!"

"Here?"

"Yes. It is absurd, of cause, but she is charming, witty, well-educated, of an excellent family—such a voice!—the voice of a seraph!—You were right, Carl!"

"I was right! How so? I never expressed an opinion, for I have never heard her."

"That's so," broke in the old doctor—"That's so—you could not, since you never heard her—that's so—but when you will have heard her you will say as I do that she has the voice of a seraph!"

"But that does not explain," replied Carl, smiling at the enthusiasm of his old friend "how it happens that—"

"Well," again broke in the doctor, "my pretty patient is well again; then feeling that my attendance was no longer needed, she, ungrateful, intimated as much and asked us for my bill. Then, my boy, I took a notion to give myself a treat, like King Louis of Bavaria, and I said to her: 'If you will do us the honor of coming to-morrow to celebrate the eve of Christmas with us, my daughter and I, and some old friends from the old country, who is my guest, we'll call it square!' She accepted most graciously, with a mental reservation, I think, but I swear she'll not compel me to take her money, if I don't want it—and if she sings for us—for us alone—"

"But has she really so extraordinary a voice?" The doctor looked at him. His kindly face broke into a broad smile, and a strange suffusion of joy seemed to overspread it, due to such a doubt or——feared to say too much."

The dinner was to be at seven, and half and hour before that the two friends were in the parlor, while Mrs. Schumann and her daughter were overseeing the preparations for the banquet which was to be a welcome both to Christmas and to the great singer who had promised to share in this Christian loveFeast.

The doctor chattered like a mag-pie, paced from one end of the parlor to the other, seemed to be unable to remain quiet. Carl had never seen him so excited.

There was a ring at the outer door. The doctor started, though the event was far from extraordinary in itself, and he seemed to wait with some anxiety. Carl, seated at the piano, was turning over the leaves of some collection of music that had been left upon the rack. A servant appeared and said to the doctor that a lady—one that surprised him—was waited into his office, which was separated from the parlor by folding doors open.

A few minutes later he returned to the parlor, leaving the office door ajar.

"Come, now," he said to Carl, as he stood by his side, "play or sing something for me!"

"What shall I be?" inquired Carl, still dreamily turning over the leaves of the music book.

"Nothing out that book. Something from the old country." gally replied Schumann. "Christmas is the day of recollections. It recalls the family, the aged father, the grand-father sometimes, the joys of childhood, the sight of the illuminated tree."

"And to me, other things also!" broke in Carl, sadly—and after a pause during which he had remained as if overwhelmed beneath the weight of painful recollections, one of his fingers wander over the key-board: then the notes, questioned at first as if at random, flocked together as if in answer to the call one of the other, and he sang:

"The bird that flies at early morn, etc."

When he ceased, a sigh mingled with the dying vibrations of the harmonious cords, he looked around in surprise and saw a woman standing upon the threshold.

"Mademoiselle Stella!" said Dr. Schumann, pointing to the young woman with an absolutely indescribable expression of mingled amusement, happiness and good nature.

"Blanche!"

"Carl!"

The war was forgotton! France and Germany no larger heard the beating of the warlike drum. They heard only the beating of their hearts. COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

"I SAY, Parker, can you tell me the difference between a ripe watermelon and a decayed head of cabbage?" "Give it up; can't tell." Brown laughingly replied. "Why, he said: 'You'd be a nice man to send to buy a watermelon."

IT is said that the lady who wrote "In the Gloaming" made $3,000 out of it. Some newspaper men who write not only in the gloaming, but until nearly three o'clock next morning, don't make five dollars out of it.—*Norristown Herald.*

SAYS the genial humorist, Mark Twain: "Some German words are astonishingly comprehensive. Observe these examples. *Freundschaftsbezeihungen. Dilettantenaufführlichkeiten. Stadtverordnetenversammlungen.* These things are two words; they are alphabetical processions. And they are not rare; one can open a German newspaper any time and see them marching majestically across the columns. And if he has any imagination he can see the banners and hear the music too. Imagine the magic lists of the various subjects I take a great interest in these curiosities. Whenever I come across a good one, I snuff it and put it in my museum. In this way I have made quite a valuable selection. Here are a few duplicates, I exchange with other collectors, and thus increase the variety of my stock. Here are some specimens which I lately bought at an auction sale of the effects of a bankrupt bric-a-brac hunter—*Generalstaatsverordnetenversammlungen. Alterthumswissenschaften. Kinderbewahrungsanstalten. Unabhaengigkeitserklaerungen. Wiederherstellungsbestrebungen. Waffenstillstandsunterhandlungen.* Of course, when one of these grand mountain ranges goes stretching the printed page, it adorns and ennobles that literary landscape, but at the same time it is a great distress to the new student, for it blocks up his way; he can not crawl under it, or climb over it, or tunnel through it. So he resorts to the dictionary for help; but there is no help there. The dictionary must draw the line somewhere, so it leaves this sort of word out."

IN MEMORY OF LISZT.



THOSE Chicago fellows hardly seem to know the difference between a funeral and a circus. At any rate, the *Chicago News* makes the death of Liszt the occasion for a bit of sarcastic writing in which several of the self-lighted musical lights of Chicago figure. We give it, in order that our readers may join us in condemnation of so much levity in the presence of the dead—and of the lifeless.

After the Thomas concert in the Exposition Building last evening a number of Chicago composers and musicians assembled to take appropriate action touching the demise of Franz Liszt, their German contemporary. Prof. W. S. B. Mathews, Mus. Doc., presided, and Mr. S. W. Straub, editor-in-chief of the *Song Friend*, served as Secretary of the meeting. Prof. Mathews spoke of having met Mr. Liszt, at Bayreuth, a year ago, and he recalled with pride the circumstance that Mr. Liszt expressed regret that he was too busy to hear the Professor play a few pieces on the pianoforte.

Mr. Silas G. Pratt, the gifted composer of "Zenobia," the oratorio recently produced with great *éclat* in Omaha, said that it had been his good fortune to meet Mr. Liszt several months subsequent to Prof. Mathews' visit to Bayreuth, and he was very intimate with Mr. Liszt during the few minutes they were together, but he did not hear him speak of having met Prof. Root, of Bloomington.

Prof. H. S. Perkins said that he had missed a train for Baraboo simply to be present at this meeting; he was absolutely without an excuse invention at Baraboo, but he preferred to miss the convention rather than miss this opportunity to do justice to a fellow-composer's memory. Death, he said, loved a shining mark; to day it was Liszt —it would be impossible to tell which of us would be the next to go.

Mr. George Schleiffarth, composer of the opera of "Cupid and Cupidity" and of the popular Chicago folk-song entitled "rats," said that he had never met Mr. Liszt, but that he felt it to be one of the duty of us composers to stand by each other. He had heard three of Mr. Liszt's pieces played by the Thomas orchestra and they were certainly above the average; he referred to the Rhapsody Hongroise No. 2, to the Rhapsody No. 6, and to the piece entitled Lay Prayludes.

Prof. Johnny Hand suggested that a committee be appointed to draft resolutions of condolence to be forwarded to the family of the deceased. He thought it might be a good idea to have the committee attend the obsequies in a body. He did not know just where Bayreuth was, but he understood that it was reached by the Michigan Central.

A letter from Col. John A. Hamlin was read tendering the use of his Grand Opera House for a benefit for Mr. Liszt's bereaved widow and children; the writer understood that Liszt was a bosom friend of his friend, C. D. Hess, and out of pure friendship for Hess he was anxious to do the square thing by the Liszts.

Mr. Andrew Byrne, leader of the orchestra at McVicker's Theatre, attempted to address the meeting, but he was not permitted to do so, for the reason that he had never written an *opus*.

Prof. James Gill, composer of "The Cantaneers," seconded Prof. Hand's suggestion that a committee on resolutions be appointed, and the motion being put, prevailed by a vote of 13 to 3, Mr. Byrne not voting. The committee was appointed as follows: Prof. Fred Root, Prof. W. S. B. Mathews, Mus. Doc., Mr. S. W. Straub, Mr. Reginald DeKoven, Prof. Silas G. Pratt and Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck.

Prof. Mathews suggested that it would be a delicate tribute if Editor Straub were to turn the column rule in the next issue of the *Song Friend*; he also requested Prof. Pratt, out of respect to the memory of deceased, to compose no dirge to the same.

Carter H. Harrison attempted to address the meeting; he claimed that he was interested in music, that he had sat next to his old friend Liszt in the ALTVIN Cortege and that he would like to make a speech on this solemn occasion. But he was declared out of order, and the meeting adjourned till Saturday night to admit of careful work by the committee on resolutions.—*Chicago News.*

PROF. CHAS. W. LANDON, the Director of Claverack College Conservatory, is making a specialty of teaching to his pupils the best American compositions, and, under his direction, a series of Recitals of American compositions is being given before the Conservatory students.

OUR MUSIC.

"MY LITTLE DARLING,".....*Gomez.*

This charming song probably needs no introduction to many of our readers. Particular pains have been taken to make this edition the best of all, and we think the end proposed has been reached.

"LA ROSE," (variations on Himmel's favorite theme "*An Alexis send' ich dich*).....*Hünten.*

Hünten is an author whose works have largely gone out of fashion, as have all those of the Herz school once so popular. These variations have escaped from the general wreck and are as popular with the better judges of piano music as they ever were. They will doubtless be kept in the piano *repertoire* of our grandchildren, not only because of the melodiousness of their theme, but because each succeding variation is an excellent exercise for the piano. The revisions made to fit this composition in every respect for "Kunkel's Royal Edition" add to its beauty and utility.

"GRANDMOTHER'S STORY," (Duet).....*Sidus.*

It is some time since our young friends were given the solo of this charming composition. We must leave to the imagination of our younger players what grandmother's story is about. The editor would be pleased to have them put down what they think about it, and send it to him by mail, perhaps by way of furnishing among the answers which he would like to publish.

"SONATINA," (*Op.* 49, No. 2, in G major)..*Beethoven.*

This sonatina was doubtless written by Beethoven for some young friend, who was yet unable to master his more difficult sonatas. Of course, it shows the hand of the master. It has been most carefully edited for "Kunkel's Royal Edition," and, as here presented, makes a most excellent teaching piece.

"WYMAN INSTITUTE MARCH,".....*Zeisberg.*

Wyman Institute, situated at Upper Alton, Ill., is one of the best schools for boys in the West. Dr. Wyman, its principal and proprietor, is an experienced educator, and an enlightened one since he has made a place for music in the curriculum of his school and has secured an able teacher of that branch in the person of Mr. Zeisberg, the author of this march. The march itself is a good one, and we doubt not will please thousands who may never see the institute which has given it its name.

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form:

"MY LITTLE DARLING".....*Gomez*	$ 35
"LA ROSE" (variations on "An Alexis, send' ich dich").....*Hünten*	75
"GRANDMOTHER'S STORY" (Duet).....*Sidus*	60
"SONATINA" (*Op.* 49, No. 2, in G major).....*Beethoven*	50
"WYMAN INSTITUTE MARCH".....*Zeisberg*	50
Total.....	$ 2 70

Enormous Fortunes AWAITING CLAIMANTS

LIE BURIED in the COURTS of CHANCERY, BANK OF ENGLAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, AND OTHER COUNTRIES, amounting to over $4,849,000,000, a great part of which belong to the PEOPLE OF AMERICA. The Chancery Paymaster will gladly pay the money to the rightful owners if they will only put in their claims. Thousands of people in the United States are in ignorance of the fact that a fortune has descended to them from some ancestor, and we believe that not one in a thousand of these ancestors (or their heirs) ever heard of it. This knowledge is important to them. We earnestly urge every one to send to the **BRITISH-AMERICAN CLAIM AGENCY, Stewart Building, New York City,** and obtain their authorized Book Register (price 50 cents, stamps or postal note), containing a list of 50,000 people to whom its vast wealth belongs, and if they find their names or those of their ancestors, they should follow the instructions it contains. A fortune may await them.

The following are a FEW of the surnames (among the 50,000) or persons entitled to money and property:

Abbot	Colwell	Gardiner	Lee	Ransom	Birch
Abbott	Colville	Genet	Lees	Ratcliffe	Bird
Abrahams	Compton	George	Legg	Rawlinson	Bishop
Ackerman	Connell	Gerard	Leggett	Rose	Black
Adam	Connolly	Gibb	Leighton	Rosser	Blair
Adams	Connor	Gibbs	Leitch	Roy	Blake
Addinson	Conway	Gibson	Lenox	Russell	Bond
Addison	Cook	Gilbert	Leonard	Read	Booth
Ainsworth	Coope	Gilchrist	Le Pennell	Reade	Boyd
Alcock	Cooper	Gilding	Leslie	Reed	Bradley
Alcock	Cope	Gill	Lewis	Rees	Brewer
Aldenham	Copeland	Gillespie	Lindsay	Reeves	Briggs
Aldridge	Copr'tw'ite	Gillett	Litchfield	Reeves	Brock
Alexander	Corbett	Gilmore	Little	Rose	Brown
Allan	Cornell	Gladwin	Long	Ryan	Bryan
Allen	Cornish	Glascott	Lang	Rawlinson	Burton
Ambrose	Costello	Glyn	Lond	Reilly	Carlton
Anderson	Cotton	Godfrey	Longfield	Reynolds	Carmichael
Andrew	Coulson	Godfrey	Lucas	Rice	Carpenter
Andrews	Cousins	Godfrey	Lucy	Richards	Carr
Angell	Coventry	Goodall	McCann	Richards	Carrington
Anguis	Cowan	Goodyear	McCarthy	Richards'n	Carroll
Anscomb	Cowell	Gore	McCormick	Rigg	Carruthers
Anscombe	Cowley	Gore	McDonald	Ray	Carter
Ansell	Cowper	Gorman	McDowell	Riley	Champion
Anson	Cox	Goss	McGregor	Ritchie	Chapman
Anthony	Craig	Gould	Mackay	Rivett	Charles
Antram	Crawford	Grubb	May	Roberts	Charlton
Appleton	Crompton	Guyane	Maynard	Robertson	Chester
Appleby	Crosby		Magee	Robins	Child
Archdeacon	Cross	Hale	Mackenzie	Robinson	Christian
Archer	Crouch	Hall	Mackinnon	Rogers	Clifton
Armstrong	Cumming	Halliday	McIntosh	Russell	Clinton
Arnold	Cumming	Hamilton	Mark	McKenzie	Clopepp
Ashby	Cunning'm	Hamilton	McLean	Sadler	Coates
Austin	Cuppage	Hammond	M'Williamsbury	Sage	Cobb
	Curnock	Hancock	Malson	Salmon	Cockerell
Backhouse	Curran	Hardy	Mahony	Sanderson	Coleman
Bacon	Currie	Handley	Mayo	Sanford	Clarkson
Badger	Curry	Hare	Mansell	Sargent	Clayton
Bailey	Curtis	Harding	Mealing	Saunders	Cleary
Bain		Harrington	Meek	Sawyer	Cleaver
Bainbridge	Dale	Harrington	Mobbs	Salter	Cleary
Baird	Dalton	Harris	Mellish	Sampson	Clarke
Baker	Dalziel	Harrison	Melvill	Sandwith	Clement
Baldwin	Daniel	Hart	Merrick	Sawer	Clement
Balfour	Daniels	Hart	Marsh	Martin	Clerke
Ball	Davenport	Harvey	Marshall	Scanlan	Clifford
Ballard	Davidson	Harwood	Mason	Schelling	Clifton
Balls	Davies	Hasell	Mellor	Schmidt	Clinton
Bambridge	Davison	Hassell	Meredith	Schmidt	Clowes
Baird	Dawson	Hatchard	Metcalfe	Scott	Cockerle's
Baker	Day	Hawkins	Meyer	Smith	Coalpeppe
Baldwin	Dalvill'd	Haverill	Meyers	Soames	Coates
Bale	Delaney	Hay	Murray	Stephens'n	Cobb
Balfour	Denham	Hay	Murphy	Stone	Colebrooke
Ball	Denham	Hayes	Mack	Sadler	Colman
Ballard	Denison	Hayman	Mathew	Sadler	Cook st'ne
Balls	Denman	Hayward	Matthews	Sadd	Coleman
Bambridge	Dennis	Haywood	Matson	Seymour	Cole
Bamford	Devins	Heath	Matthews	Sayer	Collands
Bankes	Dew	Heath	Michael	Sharp	Collett
Banks	Dexter	Heber	Middleton	Sharpe	Colson
Bannister	Dick	Hemming-	Miller	Sparks	Edgar
Barber	Dickenson	way	Mills	Sparrow	Edwards
Barbor	Dickens	Henderson	Morgan	Stewart	Edwin
Barclay	Dickson	Hendry	Myers	Shaw	Elder
Barford	Dickson	Henry		Sheldon	Elder
Barker	Digby	Herbert	Nash	Shepherd	Eldridge
Barlow	Dilon	Herring	Naughton	Sheppard	Elliot
Barnard	Dixon	Hewett	Neale	Shirley	Ellis
Barnett	Dobson	Hewson	Neale	Simpson	Ellison
Baron	Dodd	Hibbert	Neary	Skinner	Elmes
Baron	Dodds	Hickey	Seave	Spencer	Elton
Barr	Dodge	Hicks	Norris	Spicer	Elton
Barratt	Dodgson	Higgins	Nee	Sullivan	Elton
Barrett	Dodsworth	Hill	Needham		Emery
Barron	Doherty	Hillyard	Neil	Talbot	English
Barry	Donaldson	Hinton	Nelson	Tennent	Erwin
Bartlow	Donaldson	Hobbs	Nelson	Tate	Ely
Bartholo-	Donatine	Hoare	Nesbitt	Taylor	Emmerson
mew	Donkin	Hodges	Nevill	Tennyson	Ennis
Bartlett	Dooley	Hogan	Newcomb	Thompson	Ennos
Bartlett	Dore	Hoffman	Newberry	Terry	Enright
Bassett	Dougherty	Holden	Newbury	Terry	Erwin
Bachelor	Douglass	Hogan	Newcomb	Thompson	Erwin
Baxter	Dowland	Holland	Newell	Thomson	Edwards
Baxter	Dowling	Holland	Newland	Tracey	Ericsson
Bayley	Downes	Holloway	Newman	Trevor	Erskine
Bayliss	Doyle	Holmes	Newton	Thorp	Ernst
Bean	Drinkwater	Holt	Nolan	Thorpe	Erskine
Beard	Drummond	Hone	Norton	Tindall	Erskine
Beaumont	Duncan	Honeyman	Nicholls	Tod	Esmonde
Bell	Dutton	Hood	Nicholls	Trowbr'dge	Etherington
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Bereford	East	Hopkins	Nicol	Tod	Everard
Berry	Easton	Horner	Nicolson	Toussaint	Everett
	Edwards	Howard	Nicolson	Tomlinson	Eyre

EXTRACT FROM THE LONDON TIMES.

"Very few people have any conception of the enormous sums of money which are lying unclaimed in the hands of the PAYMASTER, resident in CHANCERY, and known under Parliamentary control through the decisions of the parties to the suits, or by intervention and the ARRIVAL OF HEIR OR KIN. Extract from The publication of these LISTS is the first step yet taken toward facilitating the DISCOVERY and RECOVERY of further sums of these FUNDS. The latest official returns show that there was **£65,300,747** in February, 1873. The sum has Finney since risen at the end of February, 1883, to **£77,693,769.**"—The London Times, July 4, 1884.

As it is impossible to publish all of the names of persons entitled to money and property in this paper, we earnestly urge ALL, whether THEIR NAMES APPEAR HERE or not, to send for Book Register (price 50 cents), which contains full names and instructions how to proceed. Address, **BRITISH-AMERICAN CLAIM AGENCY,** Stewart Building, NEW YORK CITY.

"The offices of this company."—Court Journal, N.Y., Oct. 5, 1886.

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Canning
Canada
Carey
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Carmichael
Carpenter
Carr
Carrington
Carroll
Carruthers
Carter
Cary
Cartwright
Casey
Castle
Cavanagh
Cereda
Chadwick
Chalmers
Champion
Chamberlain
Chapman
Charles
Charlton
Chester
Child
Christian
Christie
Clarendon
Clarke
Clarkson
Clay
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My Little Darling.

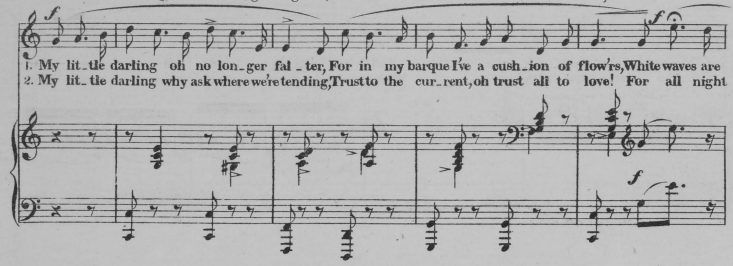
MEIN KLEINER LIEBLING.

A. Carlos Gomez.

Allegretto.



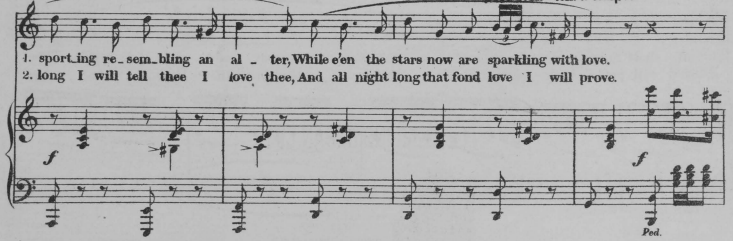
2. Mein kleiner Liebling was frägst du wo_hin denn? Trau_e den Wel_len, o trau_e der Lieb', Die gan_ze
1. Mein kleiner Liebling, o nicht län_ger zög'_re, Denn in mein' Schifflein sind Blumen für dich, Die wei_sen



1. My lit_tle darling oh no lon_ger fal_ter, For in my barque I've a cush_ion of flow'rs, White waves are
2. My lit_tle darling why ask where we're tending, Trust to the cur_rent, oh trust all to love! For all night

2. Nacht wird nur spre_chen von Lie_be, Die gan_ze Nacht soll nur zeu_gen von Lieb'
1. Wel_len sie glei_chen dem Al_tar, Und selbst die Ster_ne jetzt lieb_äu_geln sich.

poco rall. ten. a tempo.



1. sport_ing re_sem_bling an al_ter, While e'en the stars now are sparkling with love.
2. long I will tell thee I love thee, And all night long that fond love I will prove.

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2. O mein kleiner Liebling, o komm'....., komm' zu dem
1. O mein kleiner Liebling, o komm'....., nicht län - ger
rit.
1. Oh my lit - tle darling, oh come....., no lon - ger
2. Oh my lit - tle darling, oh come....., come to the
8
p
Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *
2. See o komm sich' ich geh'..... Für die - se treu - e Lie - - be Dein
1. zög' re, nicht län - ger zög - - re, Und wenn du mir's wirst sa - - gen, Soll's
p
1. fal - ter, no lon - ger fal - - ter, And when thy lips shall tell me, The
2. sea, o come, love, with me..... With smiles and ra - diant kind - - ness Thy
p
2. Herz Be - weis wird sein..... Der See ist wie der Him - - mel, Da
1. Schiff - lein See - gel tra - - gen; Und weit, weit weg im O - - cean Die
1. sail shall hoist - ed be..... And far a - way mid o - - cean The
2. heart will prove each sigh..... The sea is like the Heav - - en, Up-
2 4 5


2. ster - bend geh' ich ein!
1. Well'n be grü - sen dich;
ja ja da ster - bend ster - bend geh' ich
und weit weit weg die Well'n be- grü - sen
ten:
1. waves shall wel - come thee,
2. on its breast I'll die,
and far a - way the waves shall welcome
oh, yes I'll die, up - on its breast I'll
rall:
2. rin
1. dich
Mein klei - ner Lieb - ling, o komm' jetzt mit mir, o komm' mit
a tempo.
ten.
1. thee
2. die
My lit - tle dar - ling oh come now with me! oh come with
Ped.
1. mir, Ach komm' mit mir
2. mir zu dem
me! Ah come with me! me to the
Ped.
See komm, komm' mit mir!
Ped.
rapido.
sea with me, with me!
piu mosso.

LA ROSE.

Variations on Himmels favorite theme "Ada to Alexis"

THEME. **Fr. Hünten Op. 26.**

Andante grazioso. ♩ = 100.

dolce.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

Risoluto con fuoco ♩ = 100.

Var. I.

Pleggiero.

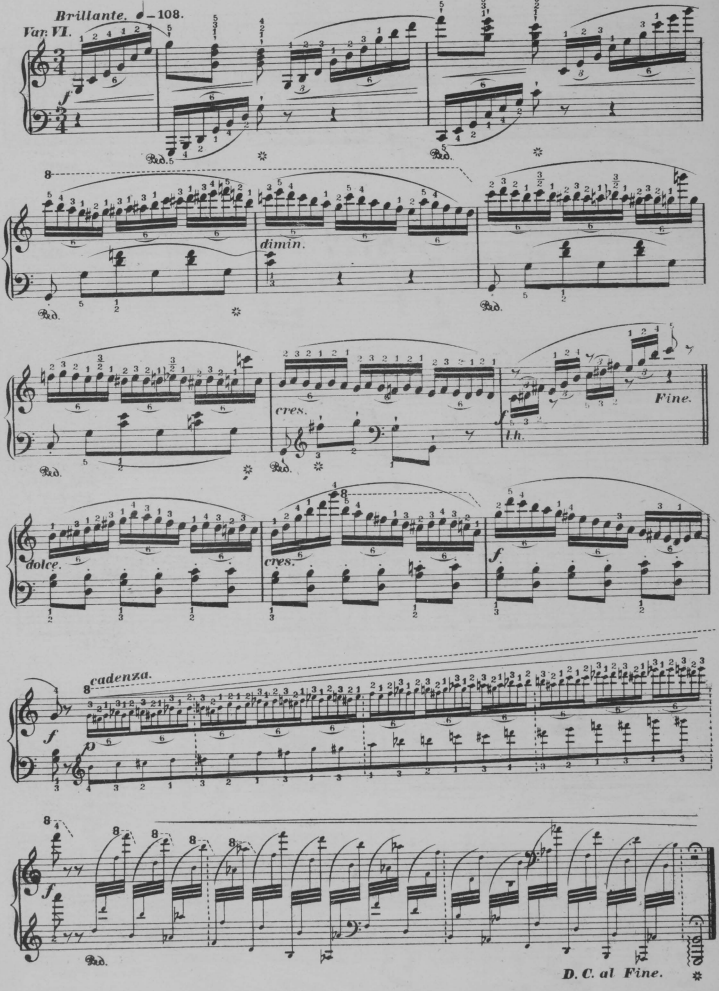
Fine

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p
fz
mf
Ped.
D.C.al Fine.
Molto legato. ♩ = 120.
Var. II.
cres. cen. do. l.h.
Fine.
f
cadenza.
poco cres.
D.C.al Fine.


Var. III.
p leggiero
cres.
marcato.
Fine.
Con brio.
D.C. al Fine.
Var. IV.
mf
il basso staccato.


Leggiero e p
cres.
Fine.
p
cadenza.
f
D.C.al Fine.
108.
Var. V.
p
mf
Fine.
p
cadenza.
cres. cen do.
f
D.C. al Fine.


Brillante. ♩=108.
Var. VI.
f
Ped.
dimin.
cres.
Fine.
l.h.
dolce.
cadenza.
D. C. al Fine.

FINALE.

Moderato. ♩ = 112.



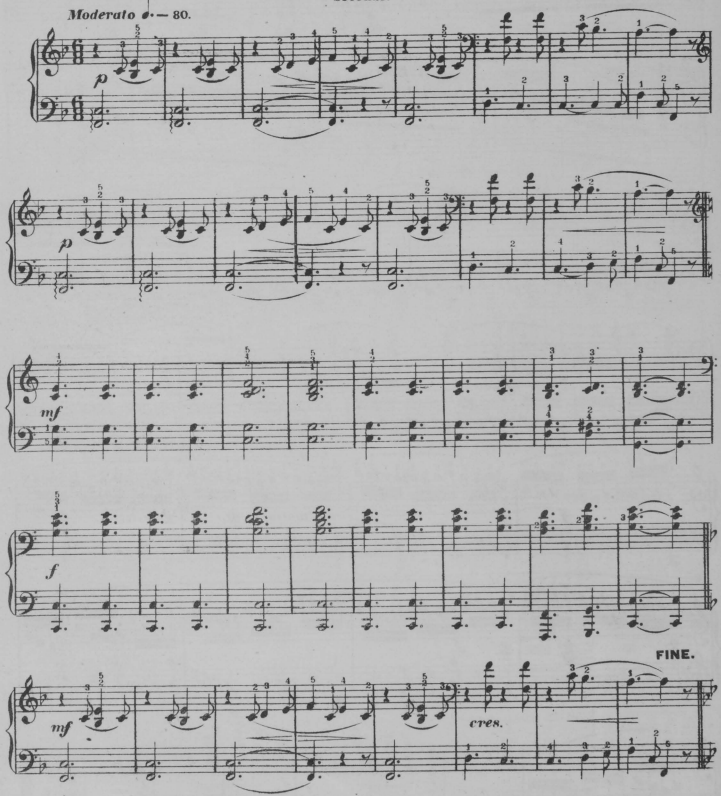

leggiero
Ped.
cresc.
ff
fz.
f
8va
-8va-
do.


legato.
cres.
dim.
con fuoco.
animato.
mf
cres molto.
f
ff

GRAND MOTHER'S STORY.

Carl Sidus Op. 66.

Secondo.

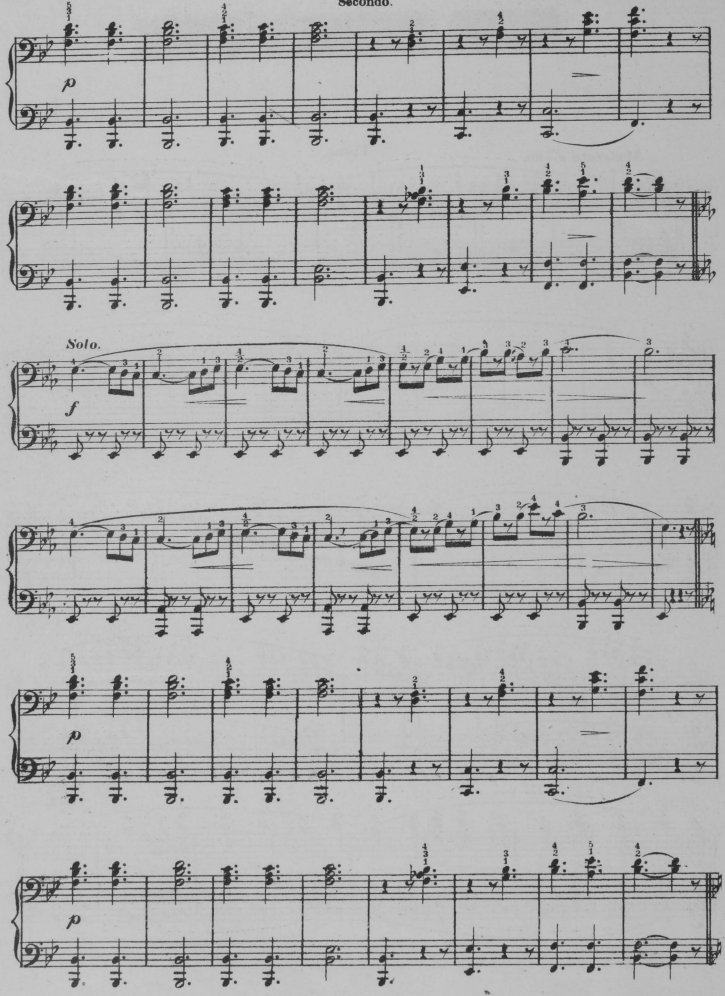


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GRAND MOTHER'S STORY.

Carl Sidus Op. 66




Secondo.
p
Solo.
f
p
p


leggiero.
Primo.
p
leggiero.
p
Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

SONATINE.

Op. 49 №2.

L. van Beethoven.

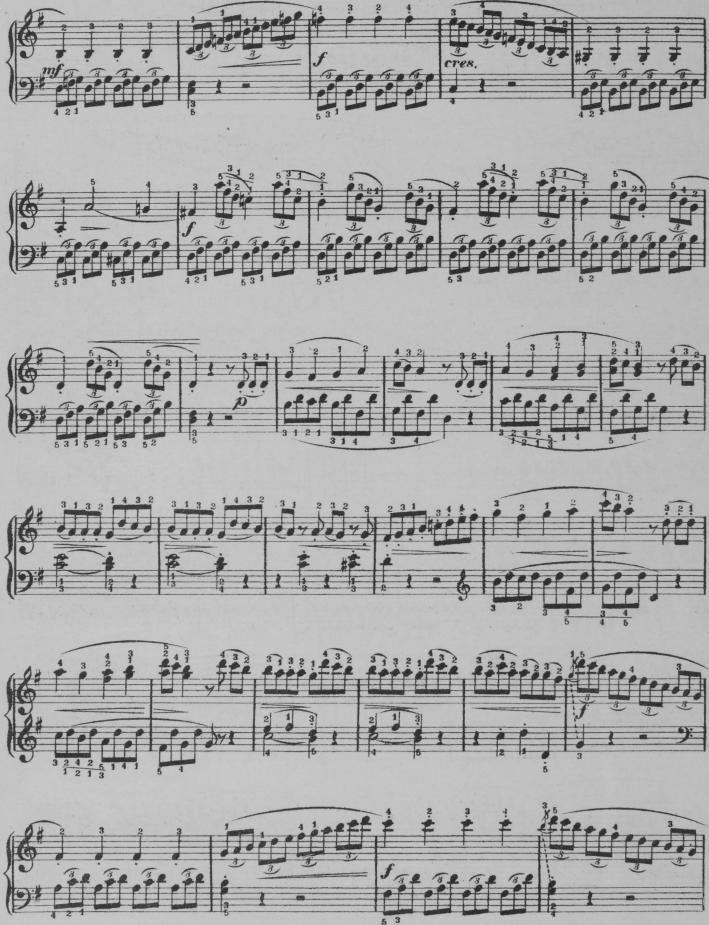
I

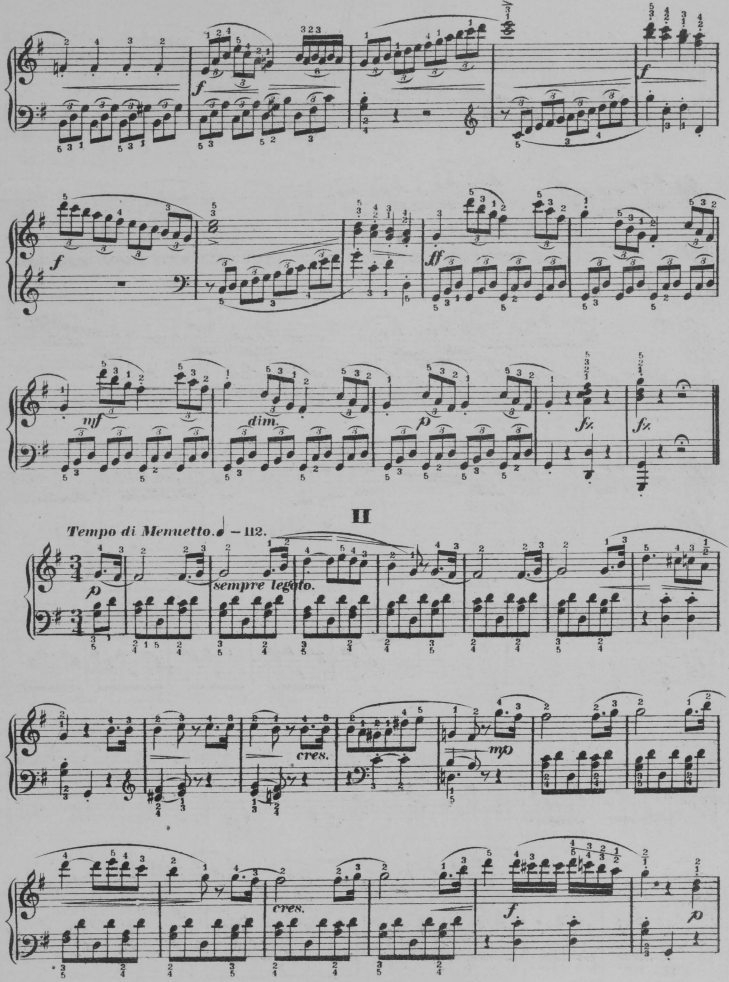
Allegro ma non troppo. ♩ = 132.



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dim.
tres.


mf
f
cres.
f
p
f
f


f
f
f
f
ff
mf
dim.
p
fz
fz
II
Tempo di Menuetto. ♩ = 112.
p
sempre legato.
cres.
mp
cres.
f
p

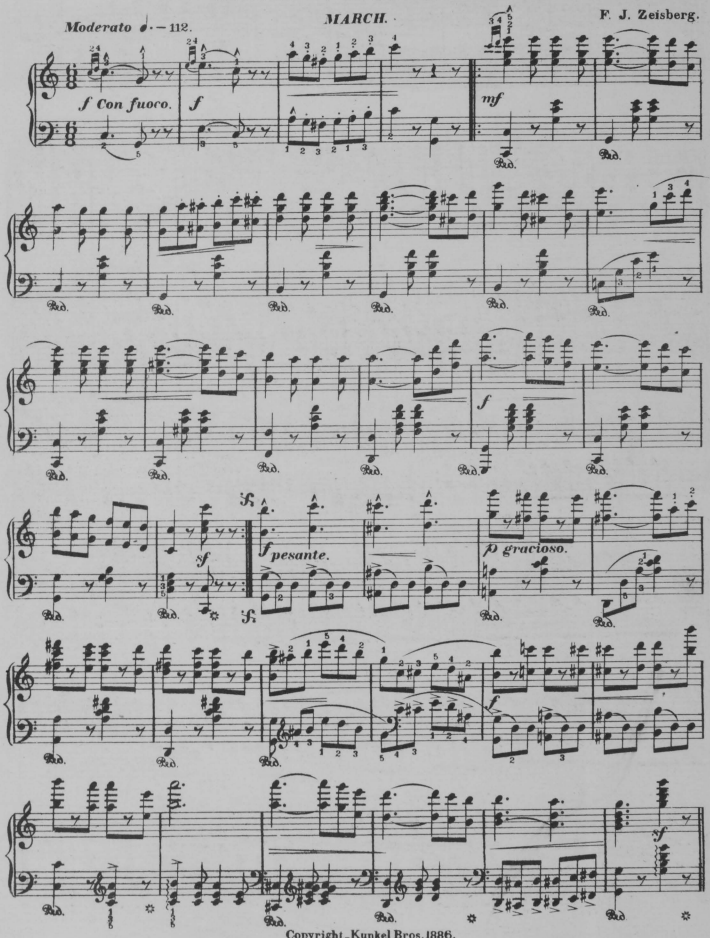

cres.
f
p
p
poco rit.
a tempo.
pp
p
cres.
f
cres.
f
f


f
p
cres.
dim.
p legato.
pp
cres.
mf
f
p
cres.
mf
cres.
f
poco rit.

WYMAN INSTITUTE

MARCH.

F. J. Zeisberg.



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marcato.
FINE.
TRIO.


Con fuoco.
Ped.
espress.
leggiero.
p
f pesante.
ff
f
sf
Repeat from 𝄋 to Fine.

POPULAR MUSIC.

A GREAT DEAL is being written at the present time about trashy music, caused in a great measure by the quantity of the stuff we are now being inundated with. Some of this trash is thoroughly bad, and it seems that the most widely circulated of the nonsensical songs lately published are those which have the silliest and most ridiculous words allied to the most idiotic music. A defence of the publication of this class of music has been made in some quarters, on the ground that there are a large numbers of beginners in the study of music who are mere infants in the school and unable to comprehend or appreciate the higher forms of the art, that this musical baby-hood must be fed on simple infant's food, not on the stronger nourishment needed at a maturer age. This is a most fallacious argument. The tree that is to bear good fruit must be grown from good seed. An enduring superstructure cannot be raised on a bad foundation. The false cannot be the parent of the true. The use of frivolous, badly written compositions must deter pupils in the study of the purer forms of art. Young people, who, for no other reason than that of doing as others do, get inoculated with this rage for nonsensical songs must have their taste vitiated by its influence; whereas, if some simple but pure form of song writing were to become popular the ground would be prepared even in the youngest minds for after development. The stuff howled by every street *gamin* now is not popular music in the sense these words have heretofore been understood. The song-writer who said "let me make the songs of a people and I care not who mak-s their laws," meant songs that would sway the impulses of a nation to some great endeavor. Dibdin's songs fired the English heart with valor and did much to stimulate those "hearts of oak" which has made her naval history grand. The "Marseilse" led the people of France to crush the power of the throne and trample law and order under feet. Some of the songs that Henry Russell set to the sweet words of Eliza Cook have entered many a human heart and engendered many a good impulse among the peasantry of the old sea-girt isle. These were popular songs, they had a meaning and an object. But who can tell the meaning of many songs of the style now prevalent. And yet this senseless jargon is in demand at all music stores and is heard on every hand.

The cosmopolitan character of American society in a great measure prevents our having good popular music. Where there is a unity of education among a people it will naturally find expression in song, for in all ages of the world we can trace the tendency to enjoy a feeling collectively, and song has been the means by which this has been accomplished. The varied nationalities in our population prevent this unity of though and feeling, which finds a common expression through the song-writer touching the heart of a whole nation to beat in rhythmic union. Where these conditions exist, they call forth the genius of the poet and musician to interpret the needs or feelings of the people, hence we find the popular songs of some countries very beautiful. As we have no popular song-writers in the strict meaning of the term, the music monger compounds. It is nothing to do with the people, except to get their dollars, therefore he manufactures as rapidly as he can, what will sell the fastest.

Teachers can do much to injure the business of these musical charlatans by being careful to give to their pupils nothing but good sound compositions. There is plenty of good music that is simple and easy enough for beginners, (take, for instance Sidus' "Bright Hours with the Tone Poets" and by making his pupils study this the master will create a distaste for frivolous compositions and lay the foundation for the appreciation and study of classical music, a term that simply means, that which is purest and best in musical art.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON THE SYSTEM.

IT has long been a familiar fact that susceptible, or perhaps we ought to say very impressionable, nervous centres, either of brain or cord, or both, may be influenced by music. Whether the influence exerted is not purely physical—perhaps mechanical—and of the nature of vibratory movement of a nature akin to that exemplified by the phenomena of sensitive and musical flames, and obeying the laws of concord or discord, which Newton demonstrated as determining the chromatic and diatonic scales respectively, which Grove further illustrated in the indication of his doctrine of the correlation of forces, and which Tyndall has reduced to practice—may be a moot question, but we cannot doubt that it will sooner or later be settled in the affirmative. However that may be, the fact remains that music does act powerfully on the majority of nervous systems, and there is reason to think that the brain is not alone affected. For example, the movements of the lower limbs both in dancing and in marching are distinctly influenced by music independently of the consciousness. If the brain at first participates in the excitement produced, it soon becomes engrossed with other matters, and rhythmical muscular movements of the extremities, and in a lesser degree of the trunk, will be continued automatically in harmony with the music. Direct impressions on the cerebral centres are probably transmitted through the auditory centre. Thus monotonous and slow music will exert a calming influence, provided that it be not too slow to be in harmony with the nerve habit of the individual, as in that case it may make him irritable. It is also essential to the success of any endeavor to bring the brain under the control of music, that it should first arrest the attention either by its power or sweetness, and then gradually conduct the organism into harmony with itself. A measured cadence of the sort likely to calm the mind is more likely to augment than to allay irritation, unless it begin with a forcible appeal to the brain in a key which accords with that in which the cerebrum is at the moment itself working. This has not perhaps been sufficiently well understood in some attempts which have been made experimentally to use music as a remedial measure. So with endeavors to rouse the spirits by music, the opposite process is relative, and in the key of melancholy which harmonizes with the brain state of the patient. The attention being arrested and the cerebrum reached through the auditory centre, the key must be gradually changed and the time quickened in such a manner as to change the brain state.—*Exchange.*

A MUSICAL ROMANCE.

THERE is a pretty little story connected with the marriage, rather late in life, of the Chevalier Antonie de Kontski to Natalie, one of Poland's patriotic daughters, says the *New York Mail and Express*. She had, as a young girl, an aversion to instrumental music. She hated the very sound of a piano, and discouraged every proposition of music which was engaged by her father to teach this very necessary feminine accomplishment. Finally, an English governess of austere character ventured to stake her reputation on changing for the mind of Natalie an obedient spirit, and an appreciation of Beethoven's sonatas. Moral suasion gave place to physical coercion; and Natalie's piano lessons distasteful to her. One afternoon, after chastisement by the austere governess, the girl escaped from the house, and, running to the nearest of an ornamental lake, leaped without hesitation into the water. She sank instantly, and made no outcry. When the shrieks of the terrified governess brought assistance, Natalie struggled wildly to beat off her rescuers, but was saved just in time. The governess resigned her charge, and Natalie never learned to play on the piano. The chevalier was forty-five years old when he became a guest for the first time at Natalie's father. She heard him play "Réveil du Lion." Her patriotic instincts told her that the piece was an allegory of Poland's history, and for the first time she listened with interest to music. Indeed, she was so delighted that she innocently asked the chevalier to play again.

De Kontski, to humor the child, gave his promise and went away. Next year he again visited the mansion of the Polish nobleman, and could not only remembered his promise, but was thoroughly convinced in her own mind that he would keep it. The pianist was still a bachelor, and, although old enough to be her father, was so won by her devotion that he gained the consent of Natalie's parents to a marriage when she was fifteen years old. The wedding took place, and their married life has been very happy.

To-day the chevalier has a long, white beard. His hair is also white, but the vigor of youth is in his frame, and the fire of his genius undimmed. Mme. de Kontski is always mistaken by strangers for his daughter. She is scarcely thirty years old, and still beautiful. Her command of language is wonderful. She can keep up a most entertaining conversation, replete with wit and eloquence, and betraying accurate information on every topic, in either the English, French, Russian, Polish, or Italian tongue.

HANDEL AND GEORGE II.

"AMEN!" resounded through the vast arches of the church, and died away in whispered melody in its remotest aisles. "Amen!" responded Handel, while he let fall slowly the staff with which he kept time. Successful beyond expectation was the first performance of his immortal masterpiece. Immense was the impression it produced, as well on the performers as upon the audience. The fame of Handel stood now immovable.

When the composer left the church he found a royal equipage in waiting for him, which, by the king's command, conveyed him to Carlton House.

George the Second received the illustrious German, surrounded by his whole household, and many nobles of the court. "Well, Master Handel," he cried, after a gracious welcome, "it must be owned you have made us a noble present in your Messiah; it is a brave piece of work."

"*Is it?*" asked Handel, and looked the monarch in the face, well pleased.

"It is, indeed," replied George. "And now tell what can I do, to express my thanks to you for it?"

"If your majesty," answered Handel, "will give a place to the young man who sang the tenor solo part so well, I shall be ever grateful to your majesty. He is my pupil, Joseph Wach, and he would fain marry his pupil, the fair Ellen, daughter to old John Farren; the old man gives consent, but his dame is opposed, because Joseph has no place as yet. And your majesty knows full well, that it is hard to carry a case against the wife."

"You are mistaken, Master Handel," said the king, with a forced smile; "I know nothing to that effect; but Joseph has from this day a place in our chapel as first tenor."

"Indeed!" cried Handel, rubbing his hands with joy, "I thank your majesty from the bottom of my heart!"

King George was silent a few moment's expecting the master to ask some other favor. "But, Master Handel," he said at length, "have you nothing to ask for yourself? I would willingly show my gratitude to you, in your own person, for the fair entertainment you provided us all in your Messiah!"

The flush of anger suddenly mantled on Handel's cheek, and he answered in a disappointed tone, "Sire, I have endeavored not to *entertain* you, but to make you *better*."

The whole court was astonished; King George stepped back a pace or two, and looked at the bold master with surprise. Then bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, and walking up to him—"Handel," he cried, "you are, and ever will be, a rough old fellow, but,"—and he slapped him good naturedly on the shoulder—"a good fellow withal; go, do what you will, we remain ever the best friends in the world." He signed in token of dismission; Handel retired respectfully, and thanked heaven as he turned his back on Carlton House, to hasten to his favorite haunt, the tavern.

We shall not attempt to describe the joy his news brought to the lovers, Joseph and Ellen, nor their unnumbered caresses and protestations of gratitude. John Farren took his "good wife" in his arms and hugged her, spite of her resistance, and scolding, crying "D— me, Bett! we must be friends to-day though all the bells in old England ring a peal for it."

For ten years more Handel traveled throughout England, and composed new and admirable works. When his sight failed him in the last year of his life, it was Ellen who nursed him as if she had been his child, while her husband, Joseph, wrote down his last compositions as he dictated them.

Proud and magnificent is the marble monument erected in Westminster to the memory of Handel. Time may destroy it; but the monument he himself, in his high and holy inspiration, has left us—his Messiah—will last forever.

A DISCLOSURE has been published in a Viennese paper of the proceedings of the "Claque." It appears from an account that the soloists of the Court Opera, thirty-three singers and ten members of the ballet, pay the Claque a monthly sum, according to their salary. Taking 20 florins a head as a fair average, the chief of the claque may be supposed to draw a monthly income of more than 800 florins, which amounts to about £1000 a year. Quite lately the head of the claque was able to purchase property in Hungary out of his modest savings. "It is an open secret," our correspondent goes on to say, "that a singer who only a year ago retired into private life, after having been for thirty-four years an honor to the Opera and a great favorite with the public, was completely dependent on the claque, to which he was obliged to pay a considerable part of his large salary. It would be impossible for individuals to dispense with this institution; all the artists should unite and unanimously resolve not to pay the tax, and so disperse the claque; in no other way can the evil be overcome."

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CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, November 15, 1886.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—There are going to be many concerts in Boston in the near future, but as yet the Symphony concerts are our staple diet, and these are diet fit for a king. The orchestra plays better than ever it did, and the new members from Germany have already proved themselves worthy of their positions. The horn player is a splendid musician, so is the viola player and the new harper (or "harpist," if the term pleases better), and the ensemble may compare with that of any orchestra in the world. The programmes have given us something of novelty recently in the Dvorak second symphony (which I did not like on a first hearing) and Volkmann's D minor symphony, which was superbly played, and is in every way an earnest and symmetrical work. We had also an American work a couple of weeks since: Rhapsody for piano and orchestra, by Henry H. Huss, a young American who studied under Rheinberger in Munich, and who has evidently a marked talent in composition. The work, although entitled a Rhapsody, was in good classical Allegro form, and differed from a Concerto in this, that the piano was rather an obbligato than a real solo part. The orchestra really developed the themes more than the piano. The work is a good addition to the American repertoire, and will soon be followed in these concerts by a yet more important one, a new Symphony by Chadwick. Mr. Huss played his own piano part, not badly, but not with much power either. At the same concert there was a much greater soloist in the person of Franz Kneisel, the chef d'attaque of the orchestra, who played one movement of Joachim's Hungarian Concerto in a faultless manner; that is, it was technically faultless, but I could have enjoyed a trifle more of power and breadth of tone Perhaps, however, this was the fault of his violin, which is sweet-toned but not very powerful.

At the last concert, the great B flat Symphony by Schumann was given, and in a broad and effective manner. Mr. Carl Faelten was the soloist. His performance of the "Emperor" concerto proved him an artist of great reasoning power, insight, and admirable intelligence. He is one of our greatest pianists, and is said to be even greater as a teacher. He is at the New England Conservatory of Music, and it is almost impossible to review music in Boston without alluding in a great degree to this institution. Take the past week, for example, there have been two concerts. At the Symphonic one, the Conservatory was represented by Mr. Faelten (himself a half-dozen of its faculty in the orchestra), and at the first concert of the Chamber Music Society—a new organization for cherishing classical chamber music—it was present in the performances of Mr. Louis Maas, Carl Faelten, and C. H. Tinney. Besides this, the institution gave a very enjoyable dinner at its building last week, and took that occasion to welcome four new teachers: Mr. Charles E. Tinney, the late choral vicar of St. Paul's, England, Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, late of the Petersilea Academy of Music, Mr. John Alden, of New York, and Signor Adolfo. E. Apolloni, of Rome, who all have begun their labors as members of the faculty this season.

The dinner was made the occasion of a pleasant reunion of Directors, trustees, visitors, and the Faculty. Among the after-dinner speeches made, were addresses by Hon. Rufus Frost, president of the board of trustees, Ex-Governor Rice, of the trustees, Dr. Tourjée, the director, and several others. The Governor-elect, Hon. Oliver Ames, who is also a trustee, sent a pleasant letter I will not dwell upon the speeches made, but I think that the following excerpt from the report of President Frost may give a good idea of what the institution is:

After speaking of the skillfulness of Dr. Tourjée's management, Mr. Frost said that July 1, 1885, the Conservatory had 2005 students; July 1, 1886, it had 2186, a gain of about ten per cent. and with an income of about $250,000. There are in the building 14 organs and about 200 pianos. Every room is lighted by electricity and heated by steam. During the past year, through the generosity of Hon. Jacob Sleeper, a beautiful hall has been added to the conveniences and attractions of the Conservatory, and is in use seven days in the week and for three services on the Sabbath. Last year the staff of instructors was increased by three, and this year five teachers have been added to the constellation of 57 orbs. Mr. Frost referred to there having been over 100 more applications for instruction and rooms in the Conservatory Building for the present term than could be accommodated, and spoke of the acquisition of the dwelling house on the west of the present building for extra accommodations made necessary. Connections between the two buildings will be made.

The concert of the Chamber Music Society, mentioned above, was the only great concert given this month, except the regular Symphonic ones. It was given by a fashionable society (it was not entirely public), and presented Beethoven's Septette, Lowell Archibald Douglas' and Brahm's piano quintette, in a perfect manner.

An Italian opera company, which expected to arrive here this week, collapsed on the way, thus shortening the labors and correspondence of COMES.

THE Berlin *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung* says: "A new species of musical art, which appears eminently calculated to benefit the festive services of our Protestant churches, is about to be called into existence. We learn that the well-known composer and musical author, Herr Meinardus, of Hamburg, has been commissioned to write a "Church Oratorio" for solo voices, chorus, *congregational song*, and organ, which is to be performed next Eastertide, as an integral portion of the service, at a church in Königsberg. The new oratorio is to be entitled "Emmaus," and the results of this experiment of inviting the participation of the general congregation in the performance of an important oratorio, will be looked forward to with much interest by all lovers of sacred art."

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FACTS ABOUT BELLS.

THE *Freeman's Standard* says: "The nature of the country has much to do with the sound of bells. In a hilly locality, a bell will not be heard half so far as if the land were level, or nearly so. A bell will be heard a great deal farther lengthwise of a valley than over the hills at the sides. Where bell-rooms are lower than the surrounding buildings and trees, these obstructions break the sound and prevent its free passage to a distance. Towers having small windows or openings, with the lower boards close together, often box up the sound. In cities, the noise of steam and horse cars, manufacturing establishments, carriages and carts rattling over the pavements, etc., is so great that bells are not expected to be heard at any considerable distance, and this is the reason why, in all cities, several bells are used for fire-alarm purposes, it being impossible for one bell, no matter how large it may be, to be heard above the thousand and one noises incident to every large place. It is said that the largest bell ever made in this country weighed 22,000 pounds, and before it was fractured hung on the City Hall, in New York. On one or two occasions, this bell was heard up the Hudson River thirteen miles, in the night, when the city was comparatively quiet. It is a great mistake to suppose that bells are heard in proportion to their weight—that is, a bell of 2,000 pounds will be heard twice as far as one of 1,000 pounds. This is not so, for the reason that the larger bell does not possess anything like twice the resonant surface of the smaller one. What is gained and admired in the larger bell is its deep, majestic and dignified tone, which it is impossible to secure in the smaller one, the weight of a bell invariably governing its tone. A bell of 100 or 200 pounds, in an open belfry, on an enginehouse, a schoolhouse, or a factory in the country, is frequently heard at a long distance, out of proportion, apparently, to one of 1,000 pounds in a church-tower near by; and instances of this kind frequently cause no little comment in the way of comparison. One reason for this is that the small bell has a sharp, shrill, penetrating sound, that must, of necessity, be heard very much farther, in proportion to its weight, than the low, mellow 'church-going' sound of the church-bell. The same principle applies to the whistle of a locomotive, and it is heard a long distance simply because its tone is shrill and penetrating. When the church-bell is struck, its shrill bells will not be heard, as a rule, half as far as when swung. The swinging motion throws up the mouth of the bell, and not only carries the sound off, but imparts to it a richness that is always absent when the bell is at rest and struck. A great effect is to be gained by ringing a bell properly, throwing the mouth well up, and not lazily jingling it. It is not physical strength that is required in ringing a bell so much as 'getting the knack' of catching the rope just right, particularly on the second 'down pull.' The windows in the tower should be as open as possible, and the tower ceiled just above the windows."

THE musical editor of the *Press* must be careful how he picks to pieces other editors' criticisms (which he is ever so ready to do) until such time as he shall be able to distinguish Ewing's beautiful composition, "Jerusalem, the Golden," from "O, Paradise," as sung in the Globe Theatre.—*Peabody Reporter.*



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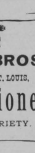


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MESSRS. CHARLES AND FRED SCHILLINGER have issued in pamphlet form, in English and German, a set of suggestions to music students and to the parents of children who intend to study music, which are eminently sensible. It is a pity that the English is rather faulty in a number of instances.

I HEAR, on good authority, that Carl Rosa has at length made up his mind to bring his English opera company over here. If he comes, his company will be as curious a study as Mrs. Thurber's enterprise. The latter is an American opera, peopled almost entirely by Germans, while nearly all the principals of Carl Rosa's English company are Americans.—*The Theatre.*

PRINCESS JEANNE BONAPARTE, who has been among the audience at the Bayreuth Musical Festival, is decorating her boudoir with scenes from "Tristan and Isolde." A Parisian artist has been engaged to paint the vessel with Isolde and Brangäne, again, Isolde waiting for Tristan, the love scene, and the scene where Tristan is dying. The one condition which the Princess has been particularly anxious to have enforced, is that the faces in the picture should be as much as possible like those of the performers at the festival, in order that the impression received at Bayreuth should always be renewed at the sight of the paintings.

AMONG the curiosities born of the concert stage might well be numbered the programme of a "Grand Musical and Recherché" (note the distinction) entertainment given at the German Y. M. C. A. Hall on Nov. 18. Among the strange pieces we notice one entitled "Potpori K. Tranatore," with either 42 guitar accompaniment; another, "Souvenir de Cherisy von Noroth." This last is a other solo participated in by four persons. The admission was reasonable. "Tickets admitting *gent* and lady 25 cts. Extra Lady tickets 25 cts." How many extra ladies attended the "musical and singing" entertainment we have not heard, but they must have enjoyed the divers "song solos," specially that of Kitty king, the "duetts" by Do Beriot and others.

SOME time ago we announced, says *The* (London) *Musical World*, that Gounod's intention of setting A. de Musset's *On ne badine pas avec l'amour* to music was baffled by the owner of the copyright, the poet's sister-in-law, who refused to believe that even the author of *Faust* could do justice to one of the most charming pieces in the French language. By the composer's winning ways and the intercession of friends having proved unavailing to soften the heart of this virago, he has had to abandon his project; but to the satisfaction of those who place *Philemon et Baucis* and *Le médecin malgre lui* almost on a level with *Faust*, we are able to announce that Gounod will nevertheless write another comic opera, founded upon Scribe and Legouvé's *Bataille des Dames*.

M. ALEXANDRE, the executor of Berlioz's will, has written to *Le Temps*, to say that on March 8, the anniversary of Berlioz's death, the new monument for his tomb, by M. Godebski, will be inaugurated. "But," adds M. Alexandre, "these two monuments are not enough, the name of Berlioz must be proclaimed every year at the Institute, and a Prix de Rome established for the sake of art. The artist Yvon has promised his assistance to this project." Yvon is now engaged on a painting which illustrates the scene between Paganini and Berlioz, after the memorable performance of the fantastic Symphony, when Paganini, kneeling before the astonished composer, acknowledged him to be the greatest master alive and the legitimate successor of Beethoven. A cheque on Rothschild's bank for 20,000 francs, sent to Berlioz the next morning, was a more substantial, and, considering Paganini's love of money, even more astounding proof of his admiration. Unfortunately, that cheque cannot figure in the picture, in undoes the spectators to go and do likewise. Nevertheless, the artist has chosen a favorable moment, and his picture will form the chief feature of a raffle which is now being organized for the purpose af raising the necessary funds.

MR. ERNST KNABE paid us a visit recently. He is happy and that is evidence of the satisfactory condition of the trade in the deservedly popular pianos of his make. He spoke very highly of the ability of two new pianists, Mr. Carl Baermeister, who have recently made Baltimore their home and selected the Knabe as the instrument of their choice. The following are the programmes of four piano recitals recently given by Prof. Barmeister: FIRST.—*J. Seb. Bach:* Prelude and Fugue in A minor; piano transcription by F. Liszt. *L. van Beethoven:* Sonata in A flat major, op. 110. *Fr. Schubert:* a. Impromptu in F minor, op. 90, No. 1. b. Minuette in B minor, from *op 78*; c. Margaret at the Spinning Wheel, *op.* 2; d. Valse Caprice in D major, No. 5, from *Soirees de Vienne*. SECOND.—*Mendelssohn-Bartholdy:* a. Variations Sérieuses in D minor, *op.* 54; b. Andante Cantoloso in E minor, *op.* 14. *R. Schumann:* Fantasia in C major, *op.* 17. *Fr. Chopin:* a. Ballade in A minor, *op.* 38; b. Etude in C major, *op.* 10, No. 7; c. Etude in C minor, attacca: d. Nocturne in D flat major, *op.* 27, No. 2; e. Scherzo in B flat minor, *op.* 31. THIRD.—*C. M. von Weber:* Sonata in A flat major, *op.* 39. *J. Brahms:* Scherzo in E flat minor, *op.* 4. *A. Jensen:* Galaten in F sharp major, from *Eroticon*, *op.* 44, No. 3. *H. von Bulow:* Intermezzo Scherzoso in D flat major, *op.* 21, No. 9. *B. Godard:* Mazurka in B flat major, *op.* 54. *J. Raff:* Suite in B flat major, *op.* 204, fragments: Prelude; Rigaudon; Sarabande; Tambourin. FOURTH.—*F. Liszt*, 1811: a. Variations in F minor, composed on Crucifixus from Bach's High mass. 5. Sonata in B minor; c. Etude in D flat major, Rustling of the forest; d. Rhapsodie Heroide Elegiaque in F minor, No. 5: e. Rhapsodie Espagnole in C sharp minor, composed on the Spanish national songs, Folles d' Espagne and Jota arragonees.

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A NEW organization, called the "New York String Quartette," has been formed by Mr. Sam Franko, the members of which, besides Mr. Franko, are Messrs. Henry Boewig, violin; Louis Scheufle, viola; and Adolf Hartdegen, 'cello.

SCHUBERTH'S "Musical Items" for November advertises the M. T. N. A. meeting to take place in Boston, in July, 188. Some people have an idea that when Schuberth dies he'll not be aware of the fact until long after the funeral. This is an exaggeration, we think, for we verily believe he'll catch up with yesterday in a year or two.

MESSRS. LOUIS S. KURTZMANN, Frederick C. Kurtzmann and Adolph Geiger have purchased the entire interest of the heirs of the estate of the late C. Kurtzmann, of Buffalo, and will conduct the business under the old name and place. All business contracts made by Mr. Kurtzmann, Sr., before his death are assumed by the new firm. The new firm have already made many improvements, such as adding new machinery. They are at work in getting out new styles. The firm has secured the services of H. Wedekind as superintendent and draughtsman, who has had much experience in this capacity.

SOME one asked Paganini, when playing at Lord Holland's one evening, to improvise on the violin the story of a son who kills his father, runs away, becomes a highwayman, falls in love with a girl who will not listen to him, so he leads her to a wild country site, suddenly jumping with her from a rock into an abyss, where they disappear forever. He listened quietly, and, when the story was at an end, he asked that all the lights should be extinguished. He then began playing, and so terrible was the musical interpretation of the idea which had been given that several of the ladies fainted, and the saloon when relighted looked like a battle-field.

ABOUT fifty years ago the chorus of the Bergamo Opera in Italy possessed among its number a poor and modest young man, who was beloved by all his comrades and who was a tailor's apprentice and chorus singer at one and the same time, in order that he might the better support his mother. One day the singer Nazari came to the tailor's shop to try on some garments being made for him. The apprentice's face seemed familiar to him and, on inquiry, he learned that he was a member of the chorus. "Hast thou a good voice?" asked Nazari. "It is not particularly good," replied the tailor's assistant, "it is only with trouble that I can sing G." "Let me hear you," said Nazari. The boy began and sang G by dint of great exertion. "Now an A?" "Sir, I cannot." Sing A at once!" And he did. "Now a B!" "It is not in my power!" "B, I say, or by my soul, I'll——" "Don't get angry and I'll try," and he sang it. "Do you see, you can sing?" said Nazari, with much pleasure. "And now I will tell you, my son, that if you will but practice, you will be she first tenor in Italy." Nazari did not err in his judgment, for the poor tailor's assistant finally became the owner of a million *lire*, and was the celebrated opera singer, Rubini.

THE HINDOO JUGGLER.

THE juggler is perhaps the most singular man to be met with in all India. His tricks outvie in neatness of execution and in wonder all of the most famous prestigiators of Europe and America. Their paraphernalia consists of an old leather bag, and their dress of a rag across their loins. They generally travel in pairs, one being the musician and the other the performer. The musician's dress is certainly grotesque, and consists of bright yellow or faded green cloth, wrapped around his body and between his legs in many a fold. Around his waist he slings a drum, and fastened to his chest in such a manner that it reaches his lips a reed instrument supplied with a variety of different size of pipes, on which he can blow notes in a variety of keys widely separated, from the squeak of a pig to the melody of a bagpipe, and about as musical as either. Shaking out his bag of dead men's bones, leather straps, conches, baskets, garden pots and rubbish, the juggler proceeds to the execution of his tricks. He turns an innocent strap into the most vicious hissing serpent, and affrights all those standing by; he runs a sword through an empty basket, and human gore gushes out profusely; fire is emitted from his nose and mouth; and, after swallowing a pound of raw cotton, fine thread is drawn from his ears and nose. This is all done by a half-naked man in an open plain. But perhaps the most interesting and oft-described tricks which may with justice in this connection be repeated here is the mango trick.

Taking up a common garden pot, the juggler hands it over for inspection. He then scrapes up some earth, and, filling the pot, places over it a shawl, and blows on the earth, also repeating a prayer. This he continues for a few minutes, and suddenly taking away the shawl shows to the by-standers the sprouting head of a green and tender plant. Again he covers the pot and blows, and again uncovers. There is a tree in miniature, with shapely leaf and blossom, and again the tree has grown to the height of four feet, with full turned fruit and bark; and then he blows on it, and before the eyes of the spectator the tree has vanished, and the garden pot and earth are there alone.—*San Francisco Call.*

An Awful Doom

of any nature is usually avoided by those who have foresight. Those who read this who have foresight will lose no time in writing to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, to learn about work which they can do at a profit of from $5 to $20 and upwards per day and live at home wherever they are located. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes, All ages. Particulars free. A great reward awaits every worker.

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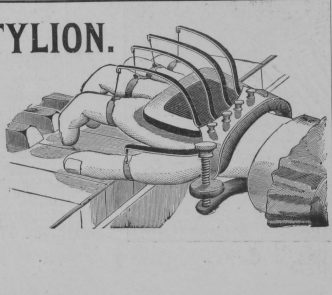
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VON BÜLOW ON GOOD EDITIONS.

THERE are plenty of wiseacres who disdain using carefully revised editions of the masters. Von Bülow (himself so eminent as an editor of the works of Beethoven), is not so self-sufficiently wise, but takes pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to the editorial work of another in a letter to a lady pupil of the Leipsic Conservatory, which he has himself given to the press with comments and which we here re-produce. What he says of Klindworth's work for Chopin can be as truly said of the work of the revisers for all the works embraced in "Kunkel's Royal Edition."

"In spite of the universal favor Chopin now enjoys, his works are very frequently ill-treated by pianists both in public and in private. I know of two ways only to learn to render them properly: the first is to hear the grand master of all interpreters and executants, Franz Liszt, play them, the second to study them in Karl Klindworth's recent edition. The latter way is the more easily obtainable, and the study thus undertaken will in no case be superfluous, not even if the student should have had the rare good fortune to be initiated to Chopin's style by that master whose genius is so near akin to the genius of our "poet of the piano" *par excellence*.

For, during the time of their intimate intercourse at Paris, Chopin was in the habit of alluding to his friend Liszt as the player to whose powers of poetical reproduction he trusted whilst writing. This fact, by the way, accounts in part for Chopin's occasional carelessness in putting his compositions on paper. As I have said, one in the latter case the student will do well to make use of Klindworth's edition ("an exegis without words") both before and after studying any particular piece. Myself a fellow pupil of Klindworth with Liszt at Weimar from 1851 to 1853, though I possess Chopin's works in heart and head, and for the most part in my fingers too, yet since the last quarter of a century I am fain to consult Klindworth's edition whenever I again set about preparing any piece of Chopin's for performance in public. I hasten to confess I am indebted to such consultations for the correction of so many a little negligence and uncleanness, so many a slight emotional flaw, and, lastly (thanks to Klindworth's model method of presenting the text, and to his admirable fingering), for the simplification of so many a stumbling block, that I am ready to assert that it is the bounden duty of every conscientious pianist, and thoroughly honest pianoforte teacher to do the same. Indeed, I would go to the length of holding the omission on the part of a "college" to make intimate acquaintance with Klindworth's edition of Chopin a sufficient reason for declining any further "collegeship."

Some time ago the young lady to whom this advice was originally addressed was kind enough to send me a word of thanks for the humble service my "Critical and Instructive Edition of Beethoven's Solo Pianoforte Works" had rendered her, helping her to understand that romantic classicist more thoroughly. The student will find that Klindworth has accomplished a similar and certainly more difficult task in regard to the classical romanticist Chopin, and in a simpler and more perfect manner; simpler inasmuch as he has eschewed the convenience (convenient to all except publisher and public) of supplementing the text with explanatory notes and glosses, and has chosen to give such glosses implicitly in his very manner of presenting the text—a truly Benedictine labor.

So then, as a young lady, a pupil of the Leipsic Conservatorium, has been good enough to ask my advice rather than that of certain pseudo-orthodox lazy-bones. I say to her, write to Moscow, for the monopoly exercised by German publishers, who have grown rich with Chopin's works, will prevent the sale in the ordinary book and music shops of the only model edition of Chopin."

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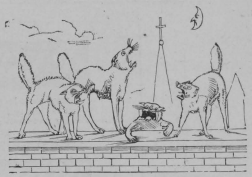
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It is a scene with beauty filled,
Lust-flowers round garden statues languish;
Count What's-his-name is sabred, killed—
The audience is bowed with anguish.

Th' event all pleasure seems to drown
Throughout the house, while faster, faster,
The saline tear doth trickle down
The female cheek of alabaster.

Their looks denote the wish that he
The fatal sabre-blow had parried,
Especially when they see
Him off the stage by supers carried.

But while they look demure and meek
As pensive nuns in sacred cloisters,
The Count's meandered, so to speak,
Around the corner for some oysters.

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AN airess—the woman who goes up in a balloon.

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CAN four lady postal clerks rightly be called a mail quartette?

THE household that keeps a baby can afford to sell its alarm clock very cheap.

AN Irish doctor lately sent his bill to a lady as follows: "To curing your husband till he died."

"NO! ALGERNON, dear, I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at its grandpa's nose!"

A GENTLEMAN named his dog "Penny," because it was one sent to him, and has had no luck with the cat.

THERE are some men who so dislike their fellow-beings that they'll bring up their children to be music-teachers.

A WAG suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs should be, "Lord, have mercy on us, miserable singers."

A DETROIT man was surprised the other day to find the telephone could talk French. He said he thought it was an English invention.

AN editor recently insisted that poets should be brief. He received a composition entitled "The Ballad of the Merchant," "Trust—Bust."

"A SENSES-TAKER?" said the old lady; "wal, there's me an' Jeromiah, an' Sarah Ann, an' that's all, 'cept Jim an' he's a fool an' ain't got no senses to take."

"MY son is a great mechanical genius," said a lady, speaking of her son. "He has made a fiddle out of his own head, and has plenty of wood left for another."

"DARLING, Kiss My Eyelids Down," is the latest moonshine song, and he kisses them down, and up, and crosswise, and then settles on her lips as a steady thing.

"ANNIE, is it proper to say this 'ere, that are?" "Why, Kate, of course not." "Well, I don't know whether it is proper or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air."

"OH, Ethel, E-e-eth-el! I offer you my hand!" "So I observe, Edwin." "And you will take it?" "Hard—(hat is, not muchly." "And why, beloved one?" "'Cause it's dirty."

IN EXTREMIS.—Pat (in a dreadfully dilapidated condition): "Do ye buy rags and bones in?" Merchant: "We do, sir." Pat: "Thin, be jabers, put me on the schkales!"

A RESTAURANT proprietor told one of his waiters he would make a good clairvoyant: "Because," he explained, "you know more when you are asleep than when you are awake."

"WELL, Grimes," queried a friend of the queer old fellow, "do you really believe the Bible is true?" "Oh, Lord o' mercy, yes. I shouldn't dare to disbelieve it, whether I believed it or not."

BULKINS, in referring to the time when his wife complimented him, says the fire needed replenishing, and she pointed toward the fire-place with a commanding air and said, "Peter, the grate."

THE Rev. Thomas K. Beecher is responsible for the following bit of advice: "If your wife objects to kissing you because you smoke, simply remark that you know some girl who will. That settles it."

SOME German Socialists recently got hold of a soldier, and treated him to a large quantity of beer. When the man was well primed, he was asked if, in the event of a revolution, he would fire on the people. "Never!" answered the soldier, and more "bocks" were ordered. The question "Why would you not fire?" was then asked. "Because I have no rifle: I belong to the band," was the reply.

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THE MODERN LORD LOVELL.

Lord Lovell he stood at his own front door,
Seeking the hole for the key;
His hat was wrecked, and his trousers bore
A rent across either knee.
When down came the beauteous Lady Jane,
In fair white drapcrce.

"Oh, where have you been, Lord Lovell ?" she said,—
"Oh, where have you been ?" said she;
"I have not closed an eye in bed,
And the clock has just struck three.
Who has been standing you on your head
In the ash-barrel, perdee ?"

"I am not drunk, Lady Shane," he said,
"And so late it cannot be:
The clock struck one as I enter-ed,—
I heard it two times, or three.
It must be the salmon on which I fed,
It has been too many for me."

"Go, tell your tale, Lord Lovell," she said,
"To the maritime cavalree.
To your grandma of the hoary head,—
To any one but me.
The door is not used to be open-ed
With a cigarette for a key."

—*Washington Star.*

PHELIM (to tourist who had taken shelter in a leaky shebeen): "'Dade, and it's soaked to the bone you'll be gittin' wid the shtrames through the roof. Come outside, sorr—it's dryer in the wet."

ART CRITIC (who has been treated liberally by his host, who in return requests his opinion of a favorite picture): "Yesh, (hic) mosh nashural (hic) 'ver saw; waves are (hic) acshually in mo(hic)shun."

"WHAT's fame ?" yelled an excited orator. "What's fame! that ghost of ambition! What's honor ?" And a weak-minded man in the crowd said he supposed she had clothes on her, as any darned fool ought to know.

"I SEE, Lucinda, they are going to have a new music pagoda at Manhattan Beach. We must go down next week." "I don't think I'd care to, Henry: I can't bear pagodas. If they were going to play waltzes, why, I wouldn't mind. Pagodas are so classical."—*Tid-Bits.*

A MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.—Frigsby: "I—a—confess I do not care for Mozart. He's—a—too tuney for me." Miss Smart (innocently): "Dear me! And is that—a—the result of a defective ear in your case, or is it merely for want of proper training ?" Utter collapse of Frigsby.—*Punch.*

A WESTERN boy thought his mother was praying overlong the other morning, and he said: "Oh, mother! there's a hawk over the hens." The old lady brought her devotions to a poultry standard of measurement in double-quick time, and sprang to her feet with "Amen—out wid yees, Thomas, and save thim hens!"

THE ancient jibe against the young lady who was only "Piscopal pious," is now matched by the story of the interesting stranger at camp-meeting, who replied to the usual question asked by a young apostle of the emotional school: "My dear young friend, have you got religion ?" "Oh, no, indeed, thank you, I'm a Presbyterian."

ANY one who knows Mme. Marchesi, and has been with her familiarly enough to appreciate the keen satire with which she treats conceited Americans, will understand the following and enjoy it thoroughly. Mme. Marchesi, the noted teacher of singing in Paris, had a girl pupil from Nebraska who sang vigorously "Io t'amo." "Stop!" said Madame; "is that the way they say 'I love you' in America ?" "Yes, madame." "Well, that is the way they cry 'fish for sale' in Paris."

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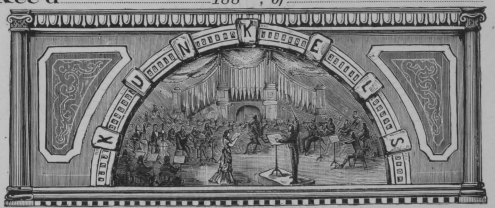
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